THE

HISTORY

OF

King LEAR.

Shakespeare (W.)

Revived with ALTERATIONS.

By *N. TATE.*

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Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

King *Lear*,	Mr. *Barry*.
Gloſter,	Mr. *Layfield*.
Kent,	Mr. *Walker*.
Edgar,	Mr. *Dexter*.
Baſtard,	Mr. *Sowdon*.
Cornwall,	Mr. *Reed*.
Albany,	Mr. *White*.
Gentleman Uſher,	Mr. *Vernon*.

WOMEN.

Goneril,	Mrs. *Jefferſon*.
Regan,	Mrs. *Pye*.
Cordelia,	Mrs. *Dancer*.

Guards, *Officers*, *Meſſengers*, *Attendants*.

King

BRITISH MUSEUM

King LEAR.

ACT I.

Enter Baſtard *Solus.*

Baſtard:

THOU Nature art my Goddeſs, to thy Law
My Services are bound; why am I then
Depriv'd of a Son's Right, becauſe I came not
In the dull Road that Cuſtom has preſcrib'd?
Why Baſtard, wherefore Baſe, when I can boaſt
A Mind as gen'rous, and a Shape as true,
As honeſt Madam's Iſſue? Why are we
Held Baſe, who in the luſty ſtealth of Nature
Take fiercer Qualities than what compound
The ſcanted Births of the ſtale Marriage-bed?
Well then, Legitimate *Edgar*, to thy Right
Of Law I will oppoſe a Baſtard's Cunning.
Our Father's Love is to the Baſtard *Edmund*
As to Legitimate *Edgar*: with Succeſs
I've practis'd yet on both their eaſy Natures:
Here comes the old Man chaſt with th'Information
Which laſt I forg'd againſt my Brother *Edgar*;
A Tale ſo plauſible, ſo boldly utter'd,
And heightened by ſuch lucky Accidents,
That now the ſlighteſt Circumſtance confirms him,
And baſe-born *Edmund* ſpight of Law inherits.

Enter Kent *and* Gloſter.

Gloſt. Nay, good my Lord, your Charity
O'er-ſhoots itſelf to plead in his behalf;
You are yourſelf a Father, and may feel
The ſting of Diſobedience from a Son
Firſt-born and beſt belov'd: Oh Villain *Edgar!*
Kent. Be not too raſh, all may be forgery,
And time yet clear the Duty of your Son.
Gloſt. Plead with the Seas, and reaſon down the Winds,
Yet ſhalt thou ne'er convince me I have ſeen
His foul Deſigns through all a Father's fondneſs:
But be this Light and thou my Witneſſes,
That I diſcard him here from my Poſſeſſions,
Divorce him from my Heart, my Blood, and Name.
Baſt. It works as I could wiſh; I'll ſhew myſelf.
Gloſt. Ha! *Edmund!* welcome Boy; O *Kent!* ſee here
Inverted Nature, *Gloſter*'s Shame and Glory,
This By-born, the wild ſally of my Youth.
Nay, weep not, *Edmund*, for thy Brother's Crime;
O gen'rous Boy! thou ſhar'ſt but half his Blood,
Yet lov'ſt beyond the Kindneſs of a Brother:
But I'll reward thy Virtue. Follow me.
My Lord, you wait the King, who comes reſolv'd
To quit the Toils of Empire and divide
His Realms amongſt his Daughters; Heavens ſucceed it;
But much I fear the Change.
Kent. I grieve to ſee him
With ſuch wild ſtarts of Paſſion hourly ſeiz'd,
As render Majeſty between itſelf.
Gloſt. Alas! 'tis the Infirmity of his Age,
Yet has his Temper ever been unfixt,
Chol'rick and ſudden; hark, they approach.
(*Exeunt* Gloſt. *and* Baſt.

Flouriſh. Enter Lear, Cornwall, Albany, Burgundy, Edgar, Goneril, Regan, Cordelia, Edgar *ſpeaking to* Cordelia *at Entrance.*

Edg. Cordelia, Royal Fair, turn yet once more,
And e'er ſucceſsful *Burgundy* receive.

The

The Treaſures of thy Beauties from the King,
E'er happy *Burgundy* for ever fold Thee,
Caſt back one pitying Look on wretched *Edgar.*
Cord. Alas! What would the wretched *Edgar* with
The more unfortunate *Cordelia,*
Who in obedience to a Father's Will
Flies from her *Edgar*'s Arms to *Burgundy*'s?
Lear. Attend my Lords of *Albany* and *Cornwall,*
With Princely *Burgundy.*
Alb. We do, my Liege.
Lear. Give me this Map——Know, Lords, we have divided
In Three our Kingdom, having now reſolv'd
To diſengage from our long Toil of State,
Conferring all upon your younger Years;
You *Burgundy*, *Cornwall*, and *Albany*,
Long in our Court have made your amorous ſojourn,
And now are to be anſwer'd. — Tell me, my Daughters,
Which of you loves Us moſt, that we may place
Our largeſt Bounty with our largeſt Merit.
Goneril, Our Eldeſt-born, ſpeak firſt.
Gon. Sir, I do love you more than Words can utter,
Beyond what can be valu'd Rich, or Rare;
Nor Liberty, nor Sight, Health, Fame, or Beauty,
Are half ſo dear, my Life for you were vile,
As much as Child can love the beſt of Fathers.
Lear. Of all theſe Bounds, e'en from this Line to this,
With ſhady Foreſts, and wide-ſkirted Meads,
We make thee Lady; to thine and *Albany*'s Iſſue
Be this perpetual—What ſays our ſecond Daughter?
Reg. My Siſter, Sir, in part expreſt my Love;
For ſuch as her's, is mine, though more extended;
Senſe has no other Joy that I can reliſh,
I have my All in my dear Liege's Love.
Lear. Therefore to thee and thine Hereditary,
Remain this ample third of our fair Kingdom.
Cord Now comes my Trial, how am I diſtreſt,
That muſt with cold Speech tempt the Chol'rick King
Rather to leave me Dowerleſs, than condemn me
To loath'd Embraces? *(Aſide.*

Lear. Speak now our laſt, not leaſt in our dear Love,
So ends my Taſk of State——*Cordelia*, ſpeak;
What canſt thou ſay to win a richer third
Than what thy Siſters gain'd?

Cord. Now muſt my Love in Words fall ſhort of theirs
As much as it exceeds in Truth. Nothing, my Lord.

Lear. Nothing can come of Nothing, ſpeak again.

Cord. Unhappy am I, that I cannot diſſemble.
Sir, as I ought, I love your Majeſty,
No more nor leſs.

Lear. Take heed, *Cordelia*,
Thy Fortunes are at ſtake, think better on't,
And mend thy Speech a little.

Cord. O my Liege;
You gave me Being, bred me, dearly lov'd me,
And I return my Duty as I ought,
Obey you, love you, and muſt honour you;
Why have my Siſters Huſbands, if they love you All?
Haply when I ſhall wed, the Lord whoſe Hand
Shall take my Plight, will carry half my Love;
For I ſhall never marry like my Siſters,
To love my Father All.

Lear. And goes thy Heart with this?
'Tis ſaid that I am Chol'rick. Judge me, Gods,
Is there not cauſe? Now, Minion, I perceive
The Truth of what has been ſuggeſted to us,
Thy fondneſs for the Rebel Son *Gloſter*,
Falſe to his Father, as thou art to my Hopes:
And, oh! take heed, raſh Girl, leſt we comply
With thy fond Wiſhes, which thou wilt too late
Repent; for know, our Nature cannot brook
A Child ſo young, and ſo ungentee!.

Cord. So young, my Lord, and True.

Lear. Thy Truth then be thy Dow'r;
For by the ſacred Sun and ſolemn Night,
I here diſclaim all my paternal Care,
And from this minute hold thee as a Stranger,
Both to my Blood and Favour.

Kent. This is Frenzy.
Conſider, good my Liege,——

Lear.

Lear. Peace, *Kent*;
Come not between a Dragon and his Rage;
I lov'd her moſt, and in her tender Truſt
Deſign'd to have beſtow'd my Age at Eaſe:
So be my Grave my Peace, as here I give
My Heart from her, and with it all my Wealth:
My Lords of *Cornwall* and of *Albany*,
I do inveſt you jointly in full Right
In this fair Third, *Cordelia*'s forfeit Dow'r.
Mark me, my Lords, obſerve Our laſt Reſolve.
Ourſelf, attended with an hundred Knights,
Will make Abode with you in monthly Courſe;
The Name alone of King remain with me,
Yours be the Execution and Revenues;
This is our final Will, and to confirm it,
This Coronet part between you.

Kent. Royal *Lear*,
Whom I have honour'd as my King,
Lov'd as my Father, as my Maſter follow'd,
And, as my Patron, thought on in my Prayers.——

Lear. Away, the Bow is bent, make from the ſhaft.

Kent. No, let it fall and drench within my Heart,
Be *Kent* unmannerly when *Lear* is mad:
Thy youngeſt Daughter——

Lear. On thy Life no more.

Kent. What wilt thou do, old Man?

Lear. Out of my Sight.

Kent. See better firſt.

Lear. Now by the Gods.——

Kent. Now by the Gods, raſh King,
Thou ſwear'ſt in vain.

Lear. Ha Traytor!

Kent. Do, kill thy Phyſician, *Lear*;
Strike through my Throat, yet with my lateſt Breath
I'll thunder in thine Ear my juſt Complaint,
And tell thee to thy Face that thou doſt ill.

Lear. Hear me, raſh Man; on thy Allegiance hear me;
Since thou haſt ſtriv'n to make Us break our Vow,
And preſt between our ſentence and our Pow'r,
Which not our Nature nor our Place can bear,

We

We baniſh thee for ever from our Sight
And Kingdom; if when Three days are expir'd,
Thy hated Trunk be found in our Dominions,
That moment is thy Death; away.

Ken. Why, fare thee well, King; ſince thou art reſolv'd,
I take thee at thy word, and will not ſtay
To ſee Thy Fall: the Gods protect the Maid
That truly thinks, and has moſt juſtly ſaid.
Thus to new Climates my old truth I bear,
Friendſhip lives Hence, and Baniſhment
Is here. (*Exit.*

Lear. Now, *Burgundy*, you ſee her price is fall'n,
Yet if the fondneſs of your Paſſion ſtill
Affects her as ſhe ſtands, Dow'rleſs, and loſt
In our Eſteem, ſhe's your's; take her or leave her.

Burg. Pardon me, Royal *Lear*, I but demand
The Dow'r yourſelf propos'd, and here I take
Cordelia by the Hand, Dutcheſs of *Burgundy*.

Lear. Then Leave her, Sir, for by a Father's rage
I tell you all her Wealth; Away.

Burg. Then, Sir, be pleaſed to charge the breach
Of our Alliance on your own Will,
Not my Inconſtancy.

(*Exeunt.* *Manent* Edgar *and* Cordelia.

Edg. Has Heaven then weigh'd the merit of my Love,
Or is't the raving of my ſickly thought?
Cou'd *Burgundy* forego ſo rich a Prize,
And leave her to deſpairing *Edgar*'s Arms?
Have I thy Hand *Cordelia?* Do I claſp it?
The Hand that was this minute to have join'd
My hated Rival's? Do I kneel before thee,
And offer at thy Feet my panting Heart?
Smile, Princeſs, and convince me; for as yet
I doubt, and dare not truſt the dazling Joy.

Cord. Some comfort yet, that 'twas no vicious Blot
That has depriv'd me of a Father's Grace,
But meerly want of that which makes me rich
In wanting it; a ſmooth profeſſing Tongue:
O Siſters! I am loath to call your fault
As it deſerves: but uſe our Father well,

And

And wrong'd *Cordelia* never ſhall repine.

Edg. O heavenly Maid! that art thyſelf thy Dow'r,
Richer in virtue than the Stars in Light,
If *Edgar*'s humble Fortunes may be grac'd
With thy Acceptance, at thy feet he lays 'em.
Ha, my *Cordelia!* doſt thou turn away?
What have I done t'offend Thee?

Cord. Talk'd of Love.

Edg. Then I've offended oft, *Cordelia* too
Has oft permitted me ſo to offend.

Cord. When, *Edgar*, I permitted your Addreſſes,
I was the darling Daughter of a King,
Nor can I now forget my Royal Birth,
And live dependant on my Lover's Fortune;
I cannot to ſo low a Fate ſubmit,
And therefore ſtudy to forget your paſſion,
And trouble me upon this Theme no more.

Edg. Thus Majeſty takes moſt State in Diſtreſs!
How are we toſt on Fortune's fickle flood!
The Wave that with ſurprizing Kindneſs brought
The dear wreck to my Arms, has ſnatch'd it back,
And left me mourning on the barren Shore.

Cord. This baſeneſs of th'ignoble *Burgundy* (*Aſide.*
Draws juſt ſuſpicion on the Race of Men;
His Love was Int'reſt, ſo may *Edgar*'s be.
And He, but with more Compliment, diſſemble;
If ſo, I ſhall oblige him by denying:
But if his Love be fixt, ſuch conſtant Flame
As warms our Breaſts, if ſuch I find his Paſſion,
My Heart as grateful to his Truth ſhall be,
And cold *Cordelia* prove as Kind as He. (*Exit.*

Enter Baſtard *haſtily.*

Baſt. Brother, I've found you in a lucky minute,
Fly and be ſafe, ſome Villain has incens'd
Our Father againſt your Life.

Edg. Diſtreſs'd *Cordelia!* but, oh! more cruel.

Baſt. Hear me, Sir, Your Life, Your Life's in Danger.

Edg. A Reſolve ſo ſudden,

And

And of ſuch black Importance!
Baſt. 'Twas not ſudden,
Some Villain has of long-time laid the Train.
Edg. And yet perhaps 'twas but pretended Coldneſs,
To try how far my Paſſion would purſue.
Baſt. He hears me not; wake, wake, Sir.
Edg. Say ye, Brother?——
No Tears, good *Edmund*, if thou bringeſt me Tidings
To ſtrike me dead; for Charity delay not;
That preſent will befit ſo kind a Hand.
Baſt. Your danger, Sir, comes on ſo faſt,
That I want time t' inform you; but retire,
Whilſt I take care to turn the preſſing Stream.
O Gods! for Heav'ns ſake, Sir.
Edg. Pardon me, Sir, a ſerious Thought
Had ſeiz'd me, but I think you talk'd of danger,
And wiſh'd me to retire; Muſt all our Vows
End thus?——Friend, I obey you.——O *Cordelia!* (*Exit.*
Baſt. Ha! ha! fond Man, ſuch credulous Honeſty
Leſſens the Glory of my Artifice;
His Nature is ſo far from doing wrongs,
That he ſuſpects none: If this Letter ſpeed,
And paſs for *Edgar*'s, as himſelf wou'd own
The Counterfeit, but for the foul Contents,
Then my deſigns are perfect.——Here comes *Gloſter.*

Enter Gloſter.

Gloſt. Stay, *Edmund*, turn; What Paper were you reading?
Baſt. A Trifle, Sir.
Gloſt. What needed then that terrible diſpatch of it
Into your Pocket? Come, produce it, Sir.
Baſt. A Letter from my Brother, Sir, I had
Juſt broke the Seal, but knew not the Contents;
Yet, fearing they might prove to blame,
Endeavour'd to conceal it from your ſight.
Gloſt. 'Tis *Edgar*'s Character. (*Reads.*
This Policy of Fathers is intolerable, that keeps our Fortunes from us till Age will not ſuffer us to enjoy 'em; I am weary

weary of the Tyranny: Come to me, that of this I may ſpeak more. If our Father would Sleep till I wak'd him, you ſhould enjoy half his Poſſeſſions and live beloved of your Brother Edgar.

Slept till I wak'd him! you ſhould enjoy
Half his Poſſeſſions!——*Edgar* to write this
'Gainſt his Indulgent Father! Death and Hell!
Fly, *Edmund*, ſeek him out, wind me into him,
That I may bite the Traytor's Heart, and fold
His bleeding Entrails on my vengeful Arm.

Baſt. Perhaps 'twas writ, my Lord, to prove my Virtue.

Gloſt. Theſe late Eclipſes of the Sun and Moon
Can bode no leſs; Love cools and Friendſhip fails,
In Cities Mutiny, in Countries Diſcord,
The bond of Nature crack'd 'twixt Son and Father:
Find out the Villain; do it carefully,
And it ſhall loſe thee nothing. (*Exit.*

Baſt. So now my Project's firm; but to make ſure
I'll throw in one proof more, and that's a bold one;
I'll place old *Gloſter* where he ſhall o'er-hear us
Confer of this Deſign; whilſt, to his thinking,
Deluded *Edgar* ſhall accuſe himſelf.
Be Honeſty my Intereſt, and I can
Be honeſt too: And what Saint ſo Divine,
That will ſucceſsful Villany decline? (*Exit.*

Enter Kent *diſguis'd.*

Kent. Now, baniſh'd *Kent*, if thou canſt pay thy Duty
In this diſguiſe, where thou doſt ſtand condemn'd,
Thy Maſter *Lear* ſhall find thee full of Labours.

Enter Lear *attended.*

Lear. In there, and tell our Daughter we are here.
Now, What art Thou?

Kent. A Man, Sir.

Lear. What doſt thou profeſs, or wou'dſt with us?

Kent. I do profeſs to be no leſs than I ſeem, to ſerve him truly that puts me in Truſt, to love him that's honeſt, to converſe with him that's wiſe and ſpeaks little, to fight when

when I can't chuſe; and to eat no Fiſh.

Lear. I ſay, What art Thou?

Kent. A very honeſt hearted fellow, and as poor as the King.

Lear. Then art thou poor indeed.—What canſt thou do?

Kent. I can keep honeſt Counſel, mar a curious Tale in the telling, deliver a plain Meſſage bluntly; that which ordinary Men are fit for, I am qualify'd in; and the beſt of me is Diligence.

Lear. Follow me; thou ſhalt ſerve me.

Enter one of Goneril's *Gentlemen.*

Now Sir?

Gent. Sir———— (*Exit*; Kent *runs after him.*

Lear. What ſays the fellow? Call me the Clodpole back.

Att. My Lord, I know not, but methinks your Highneſs is entertained with ſlender Ceremony.

Servant. He ſays, my Lord, your Daughter is not well.

Lear. Why came not the Slave back when I call'd him?

Serv. My Lord, he anſwer'd me i' th' ſurlieſt manner, That he would not.

Re-enter Gentleman *brought in by* Kent.

Lear. I hope our Daughter did not ſo inſtruct him: Now, who am I, Sir?

Gent. My Lady's Father.

Lear. My Lord's Knave.— (*Strikes him.*

Goneril *at the Entrance.*

Gon. By Day and Night, this is inſufferable, I will not bear it.

Lear. Now, Daughter, why that frontlet on? Speak, does that Frown become our Preſence?

Gent. I'll not be ſtruck, my Lord.

Kent. Nor tript neither, thou vile Civet-box. (*Strikes up his heels.*

Gon. Sir, this licentious Inſolence of your Servants Is moſt unſeemly, hourly they break out

In

In quarrels bred; by making this known to you,
I thought t' have had a Redress, but find too late
That you protect and countenance their out-rage;
And therefore, Sir, I take this freedom, which
Necessity makes Discreet.

Lear. Are you our Daughter?

Gon. Come, Sir, let me intreat you to make use
Of your Discretion, and put off betimes
This Disposition that of late transforms you
From what you rightly are.

Lear. Does any here know me? why, this is not *Lear*;
Does *Lear* walk thus? speak thus? where are his Eyes?
Who is it that can tell me who I am?

Gon. Come, Sir, this Admiration's much o' th' favour
Of other your new Humours; I beseech you
To understand my Purposes aright;
As you are old, you shou'd be staid and wise;
Here do you keep an hundred Knights and Squires,
Men so debauch'd and bold, that this our Palace
Shews like a riotous Inn, a Tavern, Brothel;
Be then advis'd by her that else will take
That which she begs, to lessen your Attendants,
Take half away, and see that the remainder
Be such as may befit your Age, and know
Themselves and you.

Lear. Darkness and Devils!
Saddle my Horse, call my Train together;
Degenerate Viper, I'll not stay with Thee!
I yet have left a Daughter.——Serpent, Monster!
Lessen my Train, and call 'em riotous?
All men approv'd, of choice and rarest Parts,
That each particular of duty know.——
How small, *Cordelia*, was thy Fault? O *Lear*,
Beat at this Gate that let thy Folly in,
And thy dear Judgment out; Go, go, my People.

(*Going off, meets* Albany *entering.*

Ingrateful Duke, was this your will?

Alb. What Sir?

Lear. Death, fifty of my Followers at a clap!

Alb. The matter, Madam?

Gon. Never afflict yourself to know the Cauſe,
But give his Dotage way.

Lear. Blaſts upon thee,
Th' untainted woundings of a Father's Curſe
Pierce ev'ry ſenſe about Thee; old fond Eyes,
Lament this Cauſe again, I'll pluck ye out,
And caſt ye with the Waters that ye loſe
To temper Clay.——No, *Gorgon*, thou ſhalt find
That I'll reſume the Shape which thou doſt think
I have caſt off for ever.

Gon. Mark ye that.

Lear. Hear Nature!
Dear Goddeſs hear; and if thou doſt intend
To make the Creature fruitful, change thy Purpoſe;
Pronounce upon her Womb the Barren Curſe,
That from her blaſted Body never ſpring
A Babe to honour her;—But if ſhe muſt bring forth,
Deſeat her Joy with ſome diſtorted Birth
Or Monſtrous Form, the Prodigy o' th' Time,
And ſo perverſe of Spirit, that it may live
Her Torment as 'twas born, to fret her Cheeks
With conſtant Tears, and wrinkle her young Brow.
Turn all her Mother's Pains to Shame and Scorn,
That ſhe may curſe her Crime too late, and feel
How ſharper than a Serpent's Tooth it is
To have a Thankleſs Child: Away, away.

(Exit cum ſuis.

Gon. Preſuming thus upon his numerous Train,
He thinks to play the Tyrant here, and hold
Our Lives at will.——

Alb. Well, you may bear too far.

(Exit.

ACT

ACT II.

SCENE, *Gloſter's* Houſe.

Enter Baſtard.

Baſt. THE Duke comes here to Night, I'll take Advantage;
Of his Arrival to compleat my Project:
Brother, a Word, come forth; 'tis I your Friend,

Enter Edgar.

My Father watches for you, fly this Place,
Intelligence is giv'n where you're hid;
Take the Advantage of the Night; bethink ye,
Have you not ſpoke againſt the Duke of *Cornwall*?
Something might ſhew you a Favourer of
Duke *Albany's* Party?

Edg. Nothing; why aſk you?

Baſt. Becauſe he's coming here to Night in haſte,
And *Regan* with him—Hark! the Guards away.

Edg. Let 'em come in, I'll ſtay and clear myſelf.

Baſt. Your Innocence at leiſure may be heard,
But *Gloſter's* ſtorming Rage as yet is deaf,
And you may periſh e'er allow'd the hearing.

(*Exit* Edgar.

Gloſter comes yonder: Now to my feign'd Scuffle——
Yield, come before my Father! Lights here, Lights!
Some Blood drawn on me wou'd beget Opinion

(*Stabs his Arm.*

Of our more fierce Encounter,——I have ſeen
Drunkards do more than this in ſport.

Enter Gloſter *and Servants.*

Gloſt. Now, *Edmund*, where's the Trayton?

Baſt. That Name, Sir,

Strikes Horror through me; but my Brother, Sir,
Stood here i'th' Dark.

Glost. Thou bleed'ſt! purſue the Villain,
And bring him piece-meal to me.

Baſt. Sir, he's fled.

Glost. Let him fly far, this Kingdom ſhall not hide him;
The noble Duke, my Patron, comes to Night;
By his Authority I will proclaim
Rewards for him that brings him to the Stage,
And Death for the Concealer.
Then of my Lands, loyal and natural Boy,
I'll work the means to make thee capable. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Kent (*diſguis'd ſtill*) *and* Generil's *Gentleman, ſeverally.*

Gent. Good morrow Friend, belong'ſt thou to this Houſe?

Kent. Aſk them will anſwer thee.

Gent. Where may we ſet our Horſes?

Kent. I'th' Mire.

Gent. I am in haſte, prithee an' thou lov'ſt me, tell me.

Kent. I love thee not.

Gent. Why then I care not for Thee.

Kent. An' I had thee in *Lipsbury* Pinfold, I'd make thee care for me.

Gent. What doſt thou mean? I know thee not.

Kent. But, Minion, I know thee.

Gent. What do'ſt thou know me for?

Kent. For a baſe, proud, beggarly, white-liver'd, glaſs-gazing, ſuperſerviceable, finical Rogue; one that wou'd be a Pimp in way of good Service, and is nothing but a Compoſition of Knave, Beggar, Coward, Pandor——

Gent. What a monſtrous Fellow art thou to rail at one that is neither known of thee, nor knows thee?

Kent. Impudent Slave! not know me, who but two Days ſince tript up thy Heels before the King: Draw, Miſcreant, or I'll make the Moon ſhine through thee.

Gent. What means the Fellow?——Why prithee, prithee; I tell thee I have nothing to do with thee.

Kent.

Kent. I know your Rogueſhip's Office; you come with Letters againſt the King, taking my young Lady *Vanity's* part againſt her Royal Father: Draw, Raſcal.

Gent. Murther, murther, help. [*Exit* Kent *after him.*

Flouriſh. *Enter Duke of* Cornwall, Regan, *attended,* Gloſter, Baſtard.

Gloſt. All welcome to your Graces, you do me honour.

Duke. *Gloſter*, W'have heard with Sorrow that your Life has been attempted by your Impious Son: But *Edmund* here has paid you ſtricteſt Duty.

Gloſt. He did betray his Practice, and receiv'd The Hurt you ſee, ſtriving to apprehend him.

Duke. Is he purſu'd?

Gloſt. He is, my Lord.

Reg. Uſe our Authority to apprehend The Traytor, and do Juſtice on his Head; For you, *Edmund*, that have ſo ſignaliz'd Your Virtue, you from henceforth ſhall be ours Natures of ſuch firm Truſt we much ſhall need, A charming Youth, and worth my farther Thought. (*Aſide.*

Duke. Lay Comforts, noble *Gloſter*, to your Breaſt, As we to ours, this Night be ſpent in Revels, We chuſe you, *Gloſter*, for our Hoſt to Night, A troubleſome Expreſſion of our Love. On, to the Sports before us——Who are theſe?

Enter the Gentleman *purſu'd by* Kent.

Gloſt. Now, what's the matter?

Duke. Keep peace upon your Lives, he dies that ſtrikes. Whence, and what are ye?

Att. Sir, they are Meſſengers, the one from your Siſter, the other from the King.

Duke. Your Difference? Speak.

Gent. I'm ſcarce in breath, my Lord.

Kent. No marvel, you have ſo beſtir'd your Valour, Nature diſclaims the Baſtard; a Taylor made him.

Duke. Speak yet, how grew your Quarrel?

Gent. Sir, this old Ruffian here, whose Life I spar'd
In pity to his Beard ——
Kent. Thou Essence Bottle!
In pity to my Beard ——— Your leave my Lord,
And I will tread the Musk-Cat into Mortar.
Duke. Know'st thou our presence?
Kent. Yes, Sir, but Anger has a Privilege.
Duke. Why art thou angry?
Kent. That such a Slave as this should wear a Sword
And have no Courage, Office, and no Honesty;
Not Frost and Fire, hold more Antipathy
Than I and such a Knave.
Glost. Why dost thou call him Knave?
Kent. His Countenance likes me not.
Duke. No more perhaps does Mine, nor His or Hers.
Kent. Plain dealing is my Trade, and to be plain, Sir,
I have seen better Faces in my time,
Than stand on any Shoulders now before me.
Reg. This is some Fellow, that having once been prais'd
For Bluntness, since affects a saucy Rudeness;
But I have known one of these surly Knaves,
That in his plainness harbour'd more Design
Than twenty cringing, complimenting Minions.
Duke. What's th' Offence you gave him?
Gent. Never any, Sir,
It pleas'd the King his Majesty lately
To strike me on a slender Misconstruction,
Whilst watching his Advantage, this old Lurcher
Tript me behind, for which the King extoll'd him;
And, flush'd with the Honour of his bold Exploit,
Drew on me here again.
Duke. Bring forth the Stocks, we'll teach you.
Kent. Sir, I am too old to learn;
Call not the Stocks for me, I serve the King,
On whose Employment I was sent to you,
You'll shew too small respect, and too bold Malice
Against the Person of my Royal Master,
Stocking his Messenger.
Duke. Bring forth the Stocks, as I have Life and Ho-
nour,

There

There ſhall he ſit till Noon.

Reg. Till Noon, my Lord? till Night, and all Night too.

Kent. Why Madam, If I were your Father's Dog,
You wou'd not uſe me ſo.

Reg. Sir, being his Knave, I will.

Gloſt. Let me beſeech your Graces to forbear him,
His Fault is much, and the good King his Maſter
Will check him for't, but needs muſt take it ill
To be thus ſlighted in his Meſſenger.

Duke. We'll anſwer that;
Our Siſters may receive it worſe to have
Her Gentleman aſſaulted: to our Buſineſs lead. (*Exit.*

Gloſt. I am ſorry for thee, Friend, 'tis the Duke's pleaſure,
Whoſe Diſpoſition would not be controul'd,
But I'll entreat for thee.

Kent. Pray do not, Sir———
I have watch'd and travell'd hard;
Some time I ſhall ſleep out, the reſt I'll whiſtle:
Farewell t'ye, Sir. (*Exit* Gloſt.
All weary and o'er watch'd,
I feel the drowzy Gueſt ſteal on me; take
Advantage heavy Eyes on this kind Slumber,
Not to behold this vile and ſhameful Lodging.

(*Sleeps.*

Enter Edgar.

Edg. I heard myſelf Proclaim'd,
And by the friendly hollow of a Tree,
Eſcape the Hunt; no Port is free, no Place
Where Guards and moſt unuſual Vigilance
Do not attend to take me.——how eaſy now,
'Twere to defeat the Malice of my Trale,
And leave the Griefs on my Sword's reeking Point;
But Love detains me from Death's peaceful Cell,
Still whiſpering me *Cordelia*'s in diſtreſs;
Unkind as ſhe is, I cannot ſee her wretched,
But muſt be near to wait upon her Fortune.
Who knows but the white Minute yet may come,

When

When *Edgar* may do ſervice to *Cordelia*;
That charming hope ſtill ties me to the Oar
Of painful Life, and makes me to ſubmit
To the humbleſt Shifts to keep that Life a-foot;
My Face I will beſmear, and knit my Locks,
The Country gives me proof and preſident
Of *Bedlam* Beggars, who with roaring Voices
Strike in their numb'd and mortify'd bare Arms
Pins, Iron-ſpikes, Thorns, Sprigs of Roſemary;
And thus from Sheep-coats Villages and Mills,
Sometimes with Prayers, ſometimes with Lunatick Bans,
Enforce their Charity; poor *Turlygod*, poor *Tom*.
That's ſomething yet, *Edgar* I am no more. (*Exit.*

Kent *in the Stocks ſtill: Enter* Lear *attended.*

Lear. 'Tis ſtrange that they ſhould ſo depart from home,
And not ſend back our Meſſenger.
Kent. Hail, noble Maſter.
Lear. How! Mak'ſt thou this ſhame thy paſtime?
What's he that ſo much miſtook thy Place
To ſet thee here?
Kent. It is both He and She, Sir, your Son and Daughter.
Lear. No.
Kent. Yes.
Lear. No, I ſay.
Kent. I ſay, yea.
Lear. By *Jupiter*, I ſwear no.
Kent. By *Juno*, I ſwear, I ſwear Ay.
Lear. They durſt not do't;
They cou'd not, wou'd not do't; 'tis worſe than Murther
To do upon reſpect ſuch violent outrage.
Reſolve me with all modeſt haſte, which way
Thou may'ſt deſerve, or they impoſe this uſage?
Kent. My Lord, when at their Home
I did commend your Highneſs's Letters to them,
E'er I was ris'n, arriv'd another Poſt,

Steer'd

Steer'd in his haſte, breathleſs and panting forth
From *Goneril*, his Miſtreſs's Salutations,
Whoſe Meſſage being deliver'd they took Horſe,
Commanding me to follow, and attend
The leiſure of their Anſwer; which I did:
But meeting that other Meſſenger,
Whoſe Welcome I perceiv'd had poiſon'd mine,
Being the very Fellow that of late
Had ſhewn ſuch Rudeneſs to your Highneſs, I
Having more Man than Wit about me, Drew,
On which he raiſ'd the Houſe with Coward's Cries:
This was the Treſpaſs, which your Son and Daughter
Thought worth the Shame you ſee it ſuffer here.

Lear. Oh! how this Spleen ſwells upwards to my Heart,
And heaves for Paſſage.—Down, thou climbing Rage,
Thy Element's below; where is this Daughter?

Kent. Within, Sir, at a Maſque.

Enter Gloſter.

Lear. Now *Gloſter?* ——— Ha!
Deny to ſpeak with me; th' are ſick, th' are weary,
They have travell'd hard to Night;—meer Fetches;
Bring me a better Anſwer.

Gloſt. My dear Lord,
You know the fiery Quality of the Duke.———

Lear. Vengeance, Death, Plague, Confuſion;
Fiery! what Quality! ——— Why *Gloſter*, *Gloſter*,
I'd ſpeak with the Duke of *Cornwall*, and his Wife.

Gloſt. I have inform'd 'em ſo.

Lear. Inform'd 'em! Doſt thou underſtand me, Man?
I tell thee, *Gloſter* ———

Gloſt. Ay, my good Lord.

Lear. The King would ſpeak with *Cornwall*, the dear Father
Wou'd with his Daughter ſpeak, commands her Service.
Are they inform'd of this? My Breath and Blood!
Fiery! the fiery Duke! Tell the hot Duke ——

No,

No, but not yet, may be he is not well,
Infirmity does ſtill neglect all Office;
I beg his Pardon, and I'll chide my Raſhneſs,
That took the indiſpos'd and ſickly Fit
For the ſound Man: —— But wherefore ſits he there?
Death on my State, this Act convinces me
That this Retiredneſs of the Duke and her
Is plain Contempt: Give me my Servant forth;
Go tell the Duke and his Wife I'd ſpeak with 'em,
Now, inſtantly bid 'em come forth and hear me;
Or at the Chamber Door I'll beat the Drum,
Till it cry ſleep to Death. ——

Enter Cornwall *and* Regan.

Oh! oh! are you come?
Duke. Health to the King.
Reg. I am glad to ſee your Highneſs.
Lear. Regan, I think you are, I know what Cauſe
I have to think ſo; ſhould'ſt thou not be glad
I would divorce me from thy Mother's Tomb?
Beloved *Regan*, thou wilt ſhake to hear
What I ſhall utter: Thou could'ſt ne'er ha' thought it,
Thy Siſter's naught, O *Regan*, ſhe has ty'd
[Kent *here ſet at Liberty.*
Ingratitude like a keen Vulture here,
I ſcarce can ſpeak to thee.
Reg. I pray you, Sir, take patience; I have hope
That you know leſs to value her Deſart,
Than ſhe to ſlack her Duty.
Lear. Ha! How's that?
Reg. I cannot think my Siſter in the leaſt
Would fail in her Reſpects; but if perchance
She was reſtrain'd the Riots of your Followers,
'Tis on ſuch Grounds, and to ſuch wholeſome Ends,
As clear her from all Blame.
Lear. My Curſes on her.
Reg. O Sir, you're old,
And ſhou'd content you to be rul'd and led,
By ſome Diſcretion that diſcerns your State

Better-

Better than yourſelf; therefore, Sir,
Return to our Siſter, and ſay you have wrong'd her.
Lear. Ha! Aſk her Forgiveneſs?
No, no, 'twas my Miſtake, thou did'ſt not mean ſo?
Dear Daughter I confeſs that I am old;
Age is unneceſſary, but thou art good,
And wilt diſpenſe with my Infirmity.
Reg. Good Sir, no more of theſe unſightly Paſſions;
Return back to our Siſter.
Lear. Never, *Regan*,
She has abated me of half my Train,
Look'd black upon me, ſtabb'd me with her Tongue;
All the ſtor'd Vengeances of Heav'n fall
On her ingrateful Head; ſtrike her young Bones,
Ye taking Airs with Lameneſs.
Reg. O the bleſt Gods! Thus will you wiſh on me,
When the raſh Mood———
Lear. No, *Regan*, thou ſhalt never have my Curſe,
The tender Nature cannot give thee o'er
To ſuch Impiety; thou better know'ſt
The Offices of Nature, Bond of Childhood,
And Dues of Gratitude; thou bear'ſt in Mind
The Half o'th' Kingdom, which our Love confer'd
On thee and thine.
Reg. Good Sir, to the purpoſe.
Lear. Who put my Man i'th' Stocks?
Duke. What Trumpet's that?
Reg. I know't, my Siſter's, this confirms her Letters.
Sir, is your Lady come?

Enter Goneril's *Gentleman*.

Lear. More Torture ſtill?
This is a Slave, whoſe eaſy borrow'd Pride
Dwells in the fickle Grace of her he follows;
A faſhion-fop, that ſpends the Day in dreſſing,
And all to bear his Lady's flatt'ring Meſſage;
That can deliver with a Grace her Lye,
And with as bold a Face bring back a greater.
Out, Varlet, from my Sight.

Duke.

Duke. What means your Grace?

Lear. Who ſtock'd my Servant? *Regan*, I have hope
Thou didſt not know it.

Enter Goneril.

Who comes here? O Heav'ns!
If you do love Old Men; if you ſweet Sir
Allow Obedience; if yourſelves are Old,
Make it your Cauſe, ſend down and take my Part;
Why, *Gorgon*, do'ſt thou come to hunt me here?
Art thou not aſham'd to look upon this Beard?
Darkneſs upon my Eyes, they play me falſe.
O *Regan*, wilt thou take her by the Hand?

Gon. Why not by th'Hand, Sir? How have I offended?
All's not Offence that Indiſcretion finds,
And Dotage terms ſo.

Lear. Heart, thou art too tough.

Reg. I pray you Sir, being old confeſs you are ſo,
If till the Expiration of your Month,
You will return and ſojourn with our Siſter,
Diſmiſſing half your Train, come then to me;
I am now from Home, and out of that Proviſion,
That all be needful for your Entertainment.

Lear. Return with her, and fifty Knights diſmiſt,
No, rather I'll forſwear all Roofs, and chuſe
To be Companion to the Midnight Wolf,
My naked Head expos'd to th' merc'leſs Air,
Than have my ſmalleſt Wants ſupply'd by her.

Gon. At your Choice, Sir.

Lear. Now I prythee Daughter do not make me mad;
I will not trouble thee, my Child, farewell.
We'll meet no more, no more ſee one another;
Let Shame come when it will, I do not call it,
I do not bid the Thunder beater ſtrike,
Nor tell Tales of thee to avenging Heav'n;
Mend when thou canſt, be better at thy Leiſure,
I can be patient, I can ſtay with *Regan*,
I, and my hundred Knights.

Reg. Your Pardon, Sir,
I look'd not for you yet, nor am provided
For your fit welcome.

Lear.

Lear. Is this well ſpoken now?
Reg. My Siſter treats you fair; what! fifty Followers?
Is it not well? What ſhou'd you need of more?
Gon. Why might not you, my Lord, receive Attendance
From thoſe whom ſhe calls Servants, or from mine?
Reg. Why not, my Lord? If then they chance to ſlack you,
We cou'd controul 'em.——If you come to me,
For now I ſee the Danger, I entreat you
To bring but Five and Twenty; to no more
Will I give place.
Lear. Hold now, my Temper, ſtand this Bolt unmov'd,
And I am Thunder Proof;
The Wicked, when compar'd with the more Wicked,
Seem beautiful, and not to be the worſt,
Stands in ſome Rank of Praiſe; now, *Goneril*,
Thou art innocent again, I'll go with thee;
Thy Fifty yet, does double Five and Twenty,
And thou art twice her Love.
Gon. Hear me, my Lord,
What need you Five and Twenty, Ten or Five,
To follow in a Houſe, where twice ſo many
Have a Command t'attend you?
Reg. What need one?
Lear. Blood! Fire! here——Leproſies and blueſt Plagues!
Room, room for Hell to belch her Horrors up
And drench the *Circes* in a Stream of Fire;
Hark how th' Infernals eccho to my Rage
Their Whips and Snakes.——
Reg. How lewd a Thing is Paſſion!
Gon. So old and ſtomachful. (*Lightning and Thunder*.
Lear. Heav'ns drop your Patience down;
You ſee me here, ye Gods, a poor old Man,
As full of Griefs as Age, wretched in both——
I'll bear no more: You unnatural Haggs,
I will have ſuch Revenues on you both,
That all the World ſhall —— I will do ſuch Things,
What they are yet I know not, but they ſhall be

The Terrors of the Earth; you think I'll weep.
(Thunder again.
This Heart ſhall break into a thouſand Pieces
Before I'll weep. —— O Gods! I ſhall go mad. *(Exit.*

Duke. 'Tis a wild Night, come out of the Storm.
(Exeunt.

ACT III.

SCENE, *A Deſert Heath.*

Enter Lear *and* Kent *in the Storm.*

Lear. BLOW Winds, and burſt your Cheeks, rage louder yet,
Fantaſtick Lightning ſinge, ſinge my white Head;
Spout Cataracts, and Huricanoes fall,
Till you have drown'd the Towers and Palaces
Of proud ingrateful Man.

Kent. Now all my beſt Intreaties can perſwade him
Into ſome needful Shelter, or to bide
This poor ſlight Cov'ring on his aged Head,
Expos'd to this wild War of Earth and Heav'n.

Lear. Rumble thy fill, fight whirlwind, Rain and Fire;
Not Fire, Wind, Rain, or Thunder are my Daughters:
I tax not you, ye Elements, with Unkindneſs;
I never gave you Kingdoms, call'd you Children;
You owe me no obedience, then let fall
Your horrible Pleaſure, here I ſtand your Slave,
A poor, infirm, weak, and deſpis'd old Man;
Yet will I call you ſervile Miniſters,
That have with two pernicious Daughters join'd
Their high engendered Battle againſt a Head
So Old and White as mine. Oh! oh! 'tis foul.

Kent. Hard by, Sir, is a Hovel, that will lend
Some Shelter from this Tempeſt.

Lear.

Lear. I will forget my Nature, what! ſo kind a Father?
Ay, there's the Point.

Kent. Conſider, good my Liege, Things that love Night
Love not ſuch Nights as this; theſe wrathful Skies
Frighten the very Wanderers o' th' Dark,
And make 'em keep their Caves; ſuch drenching Rain,
Such Sheets of Fire, ſuch Claps of horrid thunder,
Such Groans of roaring Winds have ne'er been known.

Lear. Let the Great Gods,
That keep the dreadful Pudder o'er our Heads,
Find out their Enemies now. Tremble thou Wretch,
That haſt within thee undiſcover'd Crimes!
Hide that bloody Hand,———
Thou perjur'd Villain, holy Hypocrite,
That drink'ſt the Widows Tears, ſigh now, and cry
Theſe dreadful Summoners Grace, I am a Man
More ſinn'd againſt than ſinning.

Kent. Good Sir, to th' Hovel.

Lear. My Wit begins to burn.
Come on my Boy, how doſt my Boy; art Cold?
I'm cold myſelf; ſhew this Straw, my Fellow,
The Art of our Neceſſity is ſtrange,
And can make vile Things precious; my poor Knave,
Cold as I am at Heart, I've one Place there
That's ſorry yet for Thee. (*Exeunt.*

Gloſter's *Palace.* *Enter* Baſtard.

Baſt. The Storm is in our louder Rev'lings drown'd,
Thus wou'd I reign, cou'd I but mount a Throne,
The Riots of theſe proud imperial Siſters
Already have impos'd the galling Yoke
Of Taxes, and hard Impoſitions on
The drudging Peaſant's Neck, who bellow out
Their loud complaints in vain.—Triumphant Queens!
With what Aſſurance do they treat the Crowd.
O for a Taſte of ſuch Majeſtick Beauty,
Which none but my hot Veins are fit t'engage;
Nor are my Wiſhes deſp'rate, for even now,

During the Banquet, I obſerv'd their Glances
Shot thick at me, and as they left the Room
Each caſt by ſtealth a kind inviting Smile,
The happy Earneſt— --ha!

Two Servants from ſeveral Entrances deliver him each a Letter, and Exit.

Where Merit is ſo tranſparent, not to hold it (*Reads.*
Were Blindneſs, and not to reward it Ingratitude.
GONERIL.
Enough; Blind, and Ingrateful ſhould I be
Not to obey the Summons of this Oracle.
Now for a ſecond Letter. (*Opens the other.*
If Modeſty be not your Enemy, doubt not to (*Reads.*
Find me your Friend. REGAN.
Excellent *Sibyl!* O my glowing Blood!
I am already ſick of Expectation,
And pant for the Poſſeſſion. Here *Gloſter* comes
With Bus'neſs on his Brow; be hush'd, my Joys.

Gloſt. I come to ſeek thee, *Edmund*, to impart a Buſineſs of Importance; I know thy loyal Heart is touch'd to ſee the Cruelty of theſe ingrateful Daughters againſt our Royal Maſter.

Baſt. Moſt ſavage and unnatural.

Gloſt. This Change in the State ſits uneaſy. The Commons repine aloud at their female Tyrants, already they cry out for the re-inſtalment of their good old King, whoſe Injuries I fear will inflame 'em into mutiny.

Baſt. 'Tis to be hop'd, not fear'd.

Gloſt. Thou haſt it Boy, 'tis to be hop'd indeed:
On me they caſt their Eyes, and hourly court me
To lead 'em on; and whilſt this Head is mine
I'm theirs. A little covert Craft, my Boy,
And then for open Action; 'twill be Employment
Worthy ſuch honeſt daring ſouls as thine.
Thou *Edmund*, art my truſty Emiſſary,
Haſte on the Spur at the firſt Break of Day
(*Gives him Letters.*
With theſe Diſpatches to the Duke of *Cambray*;

You

You know what mortal Feuds have always flam'd
Between this Duke of *Cornwall*'s Family, and his;
Full twenty Thousand Mountaineers
Th' inveterate Prince will send to our Assistance,
Dispatch; Commend us to his Grace, and prosper.
Bast. Yes, credulous old Man,
I will commend you to his Grace,
His Grace, the Duke of *Cornwall*——instantly
To shew him these Contents in thy own Character.
And Seal'd with thy own Signet; then forthwith
The Chol'rick Duke gives Sentence on thy Life;
And to my Hand thy vast Revenues,
To glut my Pleasure, that till now has starv'd.

Gloster *going off is met by* Cordelia *entering*, Bastard *observing at a Distance.*

Cord. Turn, *Gloster*, turn, by the sacred Pow'rs
I do conjure you, give my Griefs a hearing,
You must, you shall, nay I am sure you will,
For you were always stil'd the Just and Good.
Glost. What wou'dst thou, Princess? Rise, and speak thy Griefs.
Cord. Nay, you shall promise to redress 'em too,
Or here I'll kneel for ever; I entreat
Thy Succour for a Father, and a King,
An injur'd Father, and an injur'd King.
Bast. O charming sorrow! how her Tears adorn her,
Like Dew on Flow'rs, but she is virtuous,
And I must quench this hopeless Fire i'th'Kindling.
Glost. Consider, Princess,
From whom thou begg'st, 'tis for the King that wrong'd Thee.
Cord. O name not that; he did not, cou'd not wrong me.
Nay, muse not, *Gloster*, for it is too likely
This injur'd King e'er this, is past your Aid,
And gone distracted with his savage Wrongs.
Bast. I'll gaze no more,—and yet my Eyes are charm'd.
Cord. Or, what if it be worse?
As 'tis too probable, this furious Night

Has pierc'd his tender Body, the bleak Winds
And co'd Rain chill'd, or Light'ning ſtruck him Dead:
If it be ſo, your Promiſe is diſcharg'd,
And I have only one poor Boon to beg,
That you'd convey me to his breathleſs Trunk,
With my torn Robes to wrap his hoary Head,
With my torn Hair to bind his Hand, and Feet,
Then with a Show'r of Tears
To waſh his Clay-ſmear'd Cheeks, and die beſide him.

Gloſt. Riſe, fair *Cordelia*, thou haſt Piety
Enough t' attone for both thy Siſters Crimes.
I have already plotted to reſtore
My injur'd Maſter, and thy Virtue tells me
We ſhall ſucceed and ſuddenly. (*Exit.*

Cord. Diſpatch, *Arante*,
Provide me a Diſguiſe, we'll inſtantly
Go ſeek the King, and bring him ſome Relief.

Ar. How Madam? Are you ignorant
Of what your impious Siſters have decreed?
Immediate Death for any that relieve him.

Cord. I cannot dread the Furies in this Caſe.

Ar. In ſuch a Night as this? Conſider, Madam,
For many Miles about there's ſcarce a Buſh
To ſhelter in.

Cord. Therefore no ſhelter for the King,
And more our Charity to find him out:
What have not Women dar'd for vicious Love?
And we'll be ſhining Proofs that they can dare
For Piety as much. Blow Winds, and Light'nings fall,
Bold in my Virgin Innocence, I'll fly
My Royal Father to relieve, or die. (*Exit.*

Baſt. Provide me a Diſguiſe, we'll inſtantly
Go ſeek the King:—— ha! ha! a lucky Change,
That Virtue which I fear'd would be my Hind'rance,
Has prov'd the Bond to my Deſign;
I'll bribe two Ruffians ſhall at a Diſtance follow,
And ſeize 'em in ſome deſert Place; and there
Whilſt one retains her, t'other ſhall return
T' inform me where ſhe's lodg'd; I'll be diſguis'd too.
Whilſt they are poching for me, I'll to the Duke

With

With theſe Diſpatches, then to the Field,
Where like the vig'rous *Jove* I will enjoy
This *Semele* in a Storm, 'twill deaf her Cries.
Like Drums in Battle, leſt their Groans ſhould pierce
My pitying Ear, and make the amorous Fight leſs fierce.
(*Exit.*

Storm ſtill. Enter Lear *and* Kent.

Kent. Here is the Place my Lord; good my Lord; enter;
The Tyranny of this open Night's too rough
For Nature to endure.
Lear. Let me alone.
Kent. Good my Lord, enter.
Lear. Wil't break my Heart?
Kent. Beſeech You, Sir;
Lear. Thou think'ſt 'tis much that this contentious Storm
Invades us to the Skin; ſo 'tis to thee;
But where the greater Malady is fixt,
The leſſer is ſcarce felt: The Tempeſt in my Mind
Does from my Senſes take all feeling elſe,
Save what beats there. Filial Ingratitude!
Is it not as this Mouth ſhou'd tear this Hand
For lifting Food to't?——But I'll puniſh; home!
No, I will no more; in ſuch a Night
To ſhut me out——Pour on, I will endure
In ſuch a Night as this: O *Regan*, *Goneril*!
Your old kind Father, whoſe frank Heart gave all;
O that Way Madneſs lies; let me ſhun that;
No more of that.
Kent. See, my Lord, here's the Entrance.
Lear. Well, I'll go in,
And paſs it all, I'll pray, and then I'll ſleep:
Poor naked Wretches, whereſoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitileſs Storm,
How ſhall your houſeleſs Heads and unfed Sides
Suſtain this Shock? your Raggedneſs defend you
From Seaſons ſuch as theſe?
O! I have ta'en too little Care of this,

Take

Take Phyſic, Pomp,
Expoſe thyſelf to feel what Wretches feel,
That thou may'ſt caſt the Superflux to them,
And ſhew the Heavens more juſt.

Edgar *in the Hovel.*

Five Fathom and a half, poor *Tom*.

Kent. What art thou that doſt grumble there? th' Straw? Come forth.

Edg. Away, the foul Fiend follows me.—Through the ſharp Hawthorn blows the cold Wind———Mum, go to the Bed and warm thee.——Ha! What do I ſee? By all my Griefs the poor old King bare-headed,
And drench'd in this foul Storm, profeſſing *Syrens*,
Are all your Proteſtations come to this?

Lear. Tell me, Fellow, did'ſt thou give all to thy Daughters?

Edg. Who gives any Thing to poor *Tom*, whom the foul Fiend has led thro' Fire, and thro' Flame, thro' Baſſes and Bogs; that has laid Knives under his Pillow, and Halters in his Pue; that has made him proud of Heart to ride on a Bay-trotting Horſe over four inch'd Bridges to courſe his own Shadow for a Traytor—Bleſs thy five Wits, *Tom*'s a cold (*Shivers*) Bleſs thee from Whirlwinds, Star-blaſting, and taking: Do poor *Tom* ſome Charity, whom the foul Fiends vexes——Sa, ſa; there I could have him now, and there, and there again.

Lear. Have his Daughters brought him to this paſs?—Could'ſt thou ſave nothing? did'ſt thou give them all?

Kent. He has no Daughters, Sir.

Lear. Death, Traytor, nothing cou'd have ſubdu'd Nature
To ſuch a lowneſs, but his unkind Daughters.

Edg. Pillicock ſat upon Pillicock Hill; Hallo, hallo, hallo.

Lear. Is it the Faſhion that diſcarded Fathers
Shou'd have ſuch little mercy on their Fleſh?
Judicious Puniſhment, 'twas his Fleſh begot
Thoſe Pelican Daughters!

Edg.

Edg. Take heed of the foul Fiend; Obey thy Parents; keep thy Word juſtly; ſwear not; commit not with Man's ſworn Spouſe; ſet not thy ſweet Heart on proud Array: *Tom*'s a cold.

Lear. What haſt thou been?

Edg. A Servant Man proud of Heart, that curl'd my Hair, us'd Perfume and Waſhes; that ſerved the Luſt of my Miſtreſs's Heart, and did the Act of Darkneſs with her; ſwore as many Oaths, as I ſpoke Words; and broke them all in the ſweet Face of Heaven: Let not the Paint, nor the Patch, nor the ruſhing of Silks betray thy poor Heart to Women; keep thy Foot out of Brothels, thy Hand out of Plackets, thy Pen from Creditors Books, and defy the foul Fiend———Still through the Hawthorn blows the cold Wind———Seſs, Suum, Mun, Nonny, Dolphin, my Boy!———Hiſt, the Boy, the Boy! Seſey! ſoft, let him trot by.

Lear. Death! thou were better in thy Grave, than thus to anſwer with thy uncover'd Body, this Extremity of the Sky. And yet conſider him well, and Man's no more than this; Thou art indebted to the Worm for no Silk, to the Beaſt for no Hide, to the Cat for no Perfume. ———Ha! here's two of us are ſophiſticated; thou art the Thing itſelf unaccommodated, Man is no more than ſuch a poor bare fork'd Animal as thou art.

Off, off, ye vain Diſguiſes, empty Lendings,
I'll be my Original Self, quick, quick, uncaſe me.

Kent. Defend his Wits good Heaven!

Lear. One Point I had forgot; what's your Name?

Edg. Poor *Tom*, that eats the ſwimming Frog, the Wall-nut and the Water-nut; that in the Fury of his Heart, when the foul Fiend rages, eats Cow-dung for Sallads, ſwallows the old Rat, and the Ditch-dog, that drinks the green Mantle of the ſtanding Pool, that's whipt from Tithing to Tithing, that has three Suits to his Back, ſix Shirts to his Body,

Horſe to ride, and Weapon to wear,
But Rats and Mice, and ſuch ſmall Deer,
Have been *Tom*'s Food for ſeven long Year.

Beware, my Follower; Peace Smulkin; Peace thou foul Fiend.

Lear.

Lear. One Word more, but be ſure true Counſel; Tell me, Is a Madman, a Gentleman, or a Yeoman?

Kent. I fear'd 'twould come to this; his Wits are gone.

Edg. *Fraterretto* calls me, and tells me, *Nero* is an Angler in the Lake of Darkneſs. Pray *Innocent*, and beware the foul Fiend.

Lear. Right, ha! ha! was it not pleaſant to have a Thouſand with red hot Spits come hizzing in upon 'em.

Edg. My Tears begin to take his Part ſo much They mar my Counterfeiting. (*Aſide*.

Lear. The little Dogs and all, Tray, Blanch, and Sweet-heart, ſee they bark at me.

Edg. *Tom* will throw his Head at 'em; Avaunt ye Curs.

Be thy Mouth, or black or white,
Tooth that Poiſons if it Bite,
Maſtiff, Grey-hound, Mungrel, Grim,
Hound, or Spaniel, Brach, or Hym,
Bob-tail, Hight, or Trundle-tail,
Tom will make 'em weep and wail,
For with throwing thus my Head,
Dogs leap the Hatch, and all are fled.

Ud, de, de, de, See, ſee, ſee, Come, march to wakes and Fairs, and Market Towns.——Poor *Tom*, thy Horn is dry.

Lear. You Sir, I entertain you for one of my Hundred, only I do not like the Faſhion of your Garments; you'll ſay they're *Perſian*, but no Matter, let 'em be chang'd.

Enter Gloſter.

Edg. This is the foul *Flibertigibet*; he begins at Curfew, and walks at firſt Cock; he gives the Web, and the Pin; knits the Elflock; ſquints the Eye, and makes the Hair-lip; mildews the white Wheat, and hurts the poor Creature of the Earth.

Swithin

Swithin footed Thrice the Cold,
He met the Night-mare and her Nine-fold,
'Twas there he did appoint her;
He bid her alight, and her troth plight,
And arroynt the Witch, arroynt her.

Gloſt. What has your Grace no better Company?

Edg. The Prince of Darkneſs is a Gentleman; *Modo* he is call'd and *Mahu*.

Gloſt. Go with me Sir, hard by I have a Tenant. My Duty cannot ſuffer me to obey in all your Daughters hard Commands, who have enjoyn'd me to make faſt my Doors, and let this Tyrannous Night take hold upon you. Yet have I ventur'd to come to ſeek you out, and bring you where both Fire and Food are ready:

Kent. Good my Lord, take his Offer.

Lear. Firſt let me talk with this Philoſopher. Say, *Stagyrite*, what is the Cauſe of Thunder?

Gloſt. Beſeech you, Sir, go with me.

Lear. I'll take a Word with this ſame learned *Theban*. What is your Study?

Edg. How to prevent the Fiend, and to kill Vermin.

Lear. Let me aſk you a Word in private?

Kent. His Wits are quite unſettled; Good Sir, let's force him hence.

Gloſt. Can'ſt blame him? His Daughters ſeek his Death; This Bedlam but diſturbs him the more. Fellow, begone.

Edg. Child *Rowland* to the dark Tow'r came,
His Word, was ſtill, Fi, Fo, and Fum,
I ſmell the Blood of a Britiſh Man.——Oh! Torture!
(*Exit.*

Gloſt. Now, I prithee Friend, let's take him in our Arms, and carry him where he ſhall meet both Welcome and Protection. Good Sir, along with us.

Lear. You ſay right; let 'em anatomize *Regan*, for what breeds about her Heart; is there any Cauſe in Nature for theſe hard Hearts?

Kent. Beſeech your Grace.

Lear.

Lear. Hiſt—make no Noiſe, make no Noiſe——— ſo, ſo; we'll to Supper i'th'Morning. *(Exeunt.*

Enter Cordelia *and* Arante.

Ar. Dear Madam, reſt ye here, our Search is vain,
Look, here's a Shed; beſeech ye, enter here.
Cord. Prithee go thyſelf, ſeek thy own Eaſe,
Where the Mind's free, the Body's delicate:
This Tempeſt but diverts me from the Thought
Of what would hurt me more.

Enter two Ruffians.

1 *Ruff.* We have dogg'd 'em far enough, this Place is private.
I'll keep 'em Priſoners here within this Hovel,
Whil'ſt you return and bring Lord *Edmund* hither;
But help me firſt to Houſe 'em.
2 *Ruff.* Nothing but this, dear Devil. *(Shows Gold.*
Should have drawn me through all this Tempeſt?
But to our Work.
(They ſeize Cordelia *and* Arante, *who ſhriek out.*
Soft Madam, we are Friends; diſpatch, I ſay.
Cord. Help, Murder, help; Gods! ſome kind Thunderbolt
To ſtrike me dead.

Enter Edgar.

Edg. What cry was that?——Ha! Women ſeiz'd by Ruffians?
Is this a Place and a Time for Villany;
Avaunt ye Blood-hounds.
(Drives them with his Quarter-ſtaff.
Both. The Devil, the Devil!
Edg. O ſpeak, what are ye that appear to be
O'th'tender Sex, and yet unguarded wander
Through the dread Mazes of this dreadful Night,
Where (though at full) the clouded Moon ſcarce darts
Imperfect Glimmerings? *Cord.*

Cord. First say, what art thou?
Our Guardian Angel, that wer't pleas'd t'assume
That horrid Shape to fright the Ravishers?
We'll kneel to thee.

Edg. O my tumultuous Blood!
By all my trembling Veins, *Cordelia*'s Voice!
'Tis she herself!——My Senses sure conform
To my wild Garb, and I am mad indeed. (*Aside.*

Cord. Whate'er thou art, befriend a wretched Virgin,
And if thou canst, direct our weary Search.

Edg. Who relieves poor *Tom*, that sleeps on the Nettle, with the Hedge-pig for his Pillow?

Whilst Smug ply'd the Bellows
She truckt with her Fellows,
The Freckle fac'd Mab
Was a Blouze, and a Drab,

Yet *Switbin* made *Oberan* jealous!—Oh! Torture.

Ar. Alack! Madam, a poor wand'ring Lunatick.

Cord. And yet his Language seem'd but now well temper'd.
Speak, Friend, to one more wretched than thyself,
And if thou hast one Interval of Sense,
Inform us, if thou canst, where we may find
A poor old Man, who through this Heath has stray'd
The tedious Night.—Speak, saw'st thou such a one?

Edg. The King, her Father, whom she's come to seek, (*Aside.*
Through all the Terrors of this Night: O Gods!
That such amazing Piety, such Tenderness
Shou'd yet to me be Cruel—
Yes, fair One, such a One was lately here,
And is convey'd by some that came to seek him,
To a neighb'ring Cottage; but distinctly where,
I know not.

Cord. Blessing on 'em,
Let's find him out, *Ariante*, for thou seest (*Going off.*
We are in Heaven's Protection.

Edg. O *Cordelia!*

Cord. Ha!——Thou know'st my Name.

Edg. As you did once know *Edgar's*.

Cord. *Edgar!*

Edg. The poor Remains of *Edgar*, what your Scorn
Has left him.

Cord. Do we wake, *Arante?*

Edg. My Father ſeeks my Life, which I preſerv'd
In Hopes of ſome bleſt Minute to oblige
Diſtreſt *Cordelia*, and the Gods have giv'n it;
That Thought alone prevail'd with me to take
This Frantick Dreſs, to make the Earth my Bed,
With theſe bare Limbs all Change of Seaſons bide,
Noon's ſcorching Heat, and Midnight's piercing Cold,
To feed on Offals, and to drink with Herds,
To combat with the Winds, and be the Sport
Of Clowns, or what's more wretched, yet their Pity.

Ar. Was ever Tale ſo full of Miſery!

Edg. But ſuch a Fall as this I grant was due
To my aſpiring Love, for 'twas preſumptuous,
Though not preſumptuouſly purſu'd;
For well you know I wore my Flames conceal'd,
And ſilent as the Lamps that burn in Tombs,
'Till you perceiv'd my Grief, with modeſt Grace
Drew forth the Secret, and then ſeal'd my Pardon.

Cord. You had your Pardon, nor can you challenge more.

Edg. What do I challenge more?
Such Vanity agrees not with theſe Rags;
When in my proſp'rous State, rich *Gloſter*'s Heir,
You ſilenc'd my Pretences, and enjoin'd me
To trouble you upon that Theme no more;
Then what Reception muſt Love's Language find
From theſe bare Limbs, and Beggar's humble Weeds?

Cord. Such as the Voice of Pardon to a Wretch condemn'd;
Such as the Shouts
Of ſuccouring Forces to a Town beſieg'd.

Edg. Ah! What new Method now of Cruelty!

Cord. Come to my Arms, thou deareſt, beſt of Men,
And take the kindeſt Vows that e'er were ſpoke
By a proteſting Maid.

Edg. Is't poſſible?

Cord. By the dear vital Stream that bathes my Heart,
These hallowed Rags of thine, and naked Virtue,
These abject Taffals, these fantaſtick Shreds,
(Ridiculous ev'n to the meaneſt Clown)
To me are dearer than the richeſt Pomp
Of purple Monarchs.

Edg. Generous charming Maid,
The Gods alone that made, can rate thy Worth!
This moſt amazing Excellence ſhall be
Fame's Triumphs in ſucceeding Ages, when
Thy bright Example ſhall adorn the Scene,
And teach the World Perfection.

Cord. Cold and weary,
We'll reſt a while, *Arante*, on that Straw,
Then forward to find out the poor old King.

Edg. Look, I have Flint and Steel, the Implements
Of wand'ring Lunaticks; I'll ſtrike a Light,
And make a Fire beneath this Shed, to dry
Thy Storm-drench'd Garments, e'er thou lie to reſt thee,
Then Fierce and Wakeful as th' *Heſperian* Dragon,
I'll watch beſide thee to protect thy Sleep;
Mean while the Stars ſhall dart their kindeſt Beams,
And Angels viſit my *Cordelia*'s Dreams. *(Exeunt.*

SCENE, *The Palace.*

Enter Cornwall, Regan, Baſtard, *Servants.* Cornwall *with* Gloſter's *Letters.*

Duke. I will have my Revenge e'er I depart his Houſe.
Regan, ſee here, a Plot upon our State,
'Tis *Gloſter*'s Character, that has betray'd
His double Truſt of Subject, and of Hoſt.

Reg. Then double be our Vengeance, this confirms
Th' Intelligence that we now receiv'd,
That he has been this Night to ſeek the King;
But who, Sir, was the kind Diſcoverer?

Duke. Our *Eagle*, quick to ſpy, and fierce to ſeize;
Our truſty *Edmund*.

Reg. 'Twas a noble Service;
O *Cornwall*, take him to thy deepeſt Truſt,
And wear him as a Jewel at thy Heart.
Baſt. Think, Sir, how hard a Fortune I ſuſtain,
That makes me thus repent of ſerving you; (*Weeps.*
O that this Treaſon had not been, or I
Not the Diſcoverer.
Duke. *Edmund*, thou ſhalt find
A Father in our Love, and from this Minute
We call thee Earl of *Gloſter*; but there yet
Remains another Juſtice to be done,
And that's to puniſh this diſcarded Traitor;
But leſt thy tender Nature ſhould relent
At his juſt Sufferings, nor brook the Sight,
We wiſh thee to withdraw.
Reg. The *Grotto*, Sir, within the lower Grove
(*To* Edmund *Aſide.*
Has Privacy to ſuit a Mourner's Thought.
Baſt. And there I may expect a Comforter,
Ha, Madam?
Reg. What may happen, Sir, I know not,
But 'twas a Friend's Advice. (*Ex.* Baſtard.
Duke. Bring in the Traitor.

Gloſter *brought in.*

Bind faſt his Arms.
Gloſt. What mean your Graces?
You are my Gueſts, pray do me no foul Play.
Duke. Bind him, I ſay, hard, harder yet.
Reg. Now Traitor, thou ſhalt find——
Duke. Speak, Rebel, where haſt thou ſent the King,
Whom ſpight of our Decree thou ſaw'ſt laſt Night?
Gloſt. I'm ty'd to th' Stake, and muſt ſtand the Courſe.
Reg. Say where, and why thou haſt conceal'd him?
Gloſt. Becauſe I wou'd not ſee thy cruel Hands
Tear out his poor old Eyes, nor thy fierce Siſter
Carve his anointed Fleſh; but I ſhall ſee
The ſwift wing'd Vengeance overtake ſuch Children.
Duke. See't thou ſhalt never; Slaves perform your Work.

Out

Out with thoſe treacherous Eyes; diſpatch, I ſay,
If thou ſeeſt Vengeance.——
Gloſt. He that will think to live till he be old,
Give me ſome Help.——O cruel! oh! ye Gods.
(They put out his Eyes.
Serv. Hold, hold, my Lord, I bar your Cruelty,
I cannot love your Safety, and give way
To ſuch a barbarous Practice.
Duke. Ha! my Villain.
Serv. I have been your Servant from my Infancy,
But better Services have I never done you
Than with this Boldneſs.——
Duke. Take thy Death, Slave.
Serv. Nay then Revenge whilſt yet my Blood is warm.
(Fight.
Reg. Help here——Are not you hurt my Lord?
Gloſt. Edmund, enkindle all the Sparks of Nature
To quit this horrid Act.
Reg. Out treacherous Villain,
Thou call'ſt on him that hates thee, it was he
That broach'd thy Treaſon, ſhew'd us thy Diſpatches;
There,—read, and ſave the *Cambrian* Prince a Labour:
If thy Eyes fail thee, call for Spectacles.
Gloſt. O my Folly!
Then *Edgar* was abus'd, kind Gods, forgive me that.
Reg. How is't, my Lord?
Duke. Turn out that Eye-leſs Villain, let him ſmell
His Way to *Cambray*, throw this Slave upon a Dunghill.
Regan, I bleed apace, give me your Arm. *(Ex.*
Gloſt. All dark, and comfortleſs!
Where are thoſe various Objects that but now
Employ'd my buſy Eyes, where thoſe Eyes?
Dead are their piercing Rays that lately ſhot
O'er flowry Vales to diſtant ſunny Hills,
And drew with Joy the vaſt Horizon in.
Theſe groping Hands are now my only Guides,
And feeling all my Sight.
O Miſery! what Words can ſound my Grief?
Shut from the Living whilſt amongſt the Living;
Dark as the Grave amidſt the buſtling World.

At once from Buſineſs, and from Pleaſure barr'd:
No more to view the Beauty of the Spring,
Nor ſee the Face of Kindred, or of Friend;
Yet ſtill one Way th'extreameſt Fate affords.
And even the Blind can find the Way to Death.
Muſt I then tamely die, and unreveng'd?
So *Lear* may fall: No, with theſe bleeding Rings.
I will preſent me to the pitying Crowd,
And with the Rhetorick of theſe dropping Veins
Enflame 'em to revenge their King and me;
Then when the glorious Miſchief is on Wing,
This Lumber from ſome Precipice I'll throw,
And daſh it on the ragged Flint below;
Whence my freed Soul to her bright Sphere ſhall fly,
Through boundleſs Orbs eternal Regions ſpy,
And like the Sun, be all one glorious Eye. (*Ex.*

ACT IV.

SCENE, *A Grotto.*

Edmund *and* Regan *amorouſly ſeated, liſtening to Muſick.*

Baſt. WHY were thoſe Beauties made another's Right,
Which none can p.ize like me? charming Queen,
Take my blooming Youth, for ever fold me
In thoſe ſ.ft Arms, Lull me in endleſs Sleep,
That I may dream of Pleaſures too tranſporting
For Life to bear.

Reg. Live, live my *Gloſter*,
And feel no Death but that of ſwooning Joy;
I yield the Bliſſes on no harder Terms
Than that thou continue to be happy.

Baſt. This Jealouſy is yet more kind, is't poſſible
That I ſhould wander from a Paradiſe

To

To feed on ſickly Weeds? ſuch Sweets live here
That Conſtancy will be no Virtue in me:
And yet muſt I forthwith go meet her Siſter, (*Aſide.*
To whom, I muſt proteſt as much ———
Suppoſe it be the ſame; why, beſt of all,
And I have then my Leſſon already conn'd.
Reg. Wear this Remembrance of me.—I dare now.
(*Gives him a Ring.*
Abſent myſelf no longer from the Duke,
Whoſe Wound grows dangerous, I hope mortal.
Baſt. And let this happy Image of your *Gloſter*,
(*Pulling out a Picture, drops a Note.*
Lodge in that Breaſt, where all his Treaſure lies. (*Exit*
Reg. To this brave Youth a Woman's blooming Beauties
Are due; my Fool uſurps my Bed—What's here?
Confuſion on my Eyes. (*Reads.*
Where Merit is Tranſparent, not to behold it were Blindneſs, and not to reward it, Ingratitude.
Goneril.
Vexatious Accident! yet fortunate too,
My Jealouſy confirm'd, and I am taught
To caſt for my Defence ——— (*Enter an Officer.*
Now, what mean thoſe Shouts? and that thy haſty Entrance?
Off. A moſt ſurprizing and a ſudden Change;
The Peaſants are all up in Mutiny,
And only want a Chief to lead 'em on,
To ſtorm your Palace.
Reg. On what Provocation?
Off. At laſt Day's publick Feſtival, to which
The Yeomen from all Quarters had repair'd,
Old *Gloſter*, whom you late depriv'd of Sight,
(His Veins yet ſtreaming freſh) preſents himſelf,
Proclaims your Cruelty, and their Oppreſſion,
With the King's Injuries; which ſo enrag'd 'em,
That now that Mutiny which long had crept,
Takes Wing, and threatens your beſt Pow'rs.
Reg. White-liver'd Slave!
Our Forces rais'd, and led by Valiant *Edmund*,

Shall

Shall drive this Monſter of Rebellion back
To her dark Cell; young *Gloſter's* Arm allays
The Storm, his Father's feeble Breath did raiſe. *(Exit.*

The Field SCENE.

Enter Edgar.

Edg. The loweſt and moſt abject Thing of Fortune
Stands ſtill in Hope, and is ſecure from Fear;
The lamentable Change is from the Beſt,
The Worſt returns to better.—Who comes here?

Enter Gloſter, *led by an old Man.*

My Father poorly led! depriv'd of Sight!
The precious Stones torn from their bleeding Rings!
Something I heard of this inhuman Deed,
But diſbeliev'd it as an Act too horrid
For the hot Hell of a curs'd Woman's Fury;
When will the Meaſure of my Woes be full?

Gloſt. Revenge, thou art on Foot, Succeſs attend thee.
Well have I ſold my Eyes, if the Event
Prove happy for the injur'd King.

Old M. O my good Lord, I have been your Tenant,
And your Father's Tenant, theſe Fourſcore Years.

Gloſt. Away, get thee away, good Friend begone,
Thy Comforts can do me no good at all,
Thee they may hurt.

Old M. You cannot ſee your Way.

Gloſt. I have no Way, and therefore want not Eyes,
I ſtumbled when I ſaw: O dear Son *Edgar*,
The Food of thy abuſed Father's Wrath,
Might I but live to ſee thee in my Touch,
I'd ſay, I had Eyes again.

Edg. Alas, he's ſenſible that I was wrong'd,
And ſhou'd I own myſelf, his tender Heart
Would break betwixt th' Extreams of Grief and Joy.

Old M. How now, who's there?

Edg. A Charity for poor *Tom*, Play fair, defy the foul Fiend.
O Gods! and muſt I ſtill purſue this Trade, [*Aſide.*

Trifling

Trifling beneath ſuch Loads of Miſery?

Old M. 'Tis poor mad *Tom*.

Gloſt. In the late Storm, I ſuch a Fellow ſaw,
Which made me think a Man a Worm.
Where is the Lunatick?

Old M. Here, my Lord.

Gloſt. Get thee now away; if for my Sake
Thou wilt o'er-take us hence a Mile or Two,
I' th' Way towards *Dover*, do't for antient Love,
And bring ſome cov'ring for this naked Wretch,
Whom I'll intreat to lead me.

Old M. Alack, my Lord, he's mad.

Gloſt. 'Tis the Times Plague when Mad-men lead the Blind,
Do as I bid thee.

Old M. I'll bring him the beſt 'parrel that I have,
Come on't what will. (*Exit.*

Gloſt. Sirrah, naked Fellow.

Edg. Poor *Tom*'s cold;—I cannot fool it longer,
And yet I muſt.—Bleſs thy ſweet Eyes, they bleed;
Believe't poor *Tom* ev'n weeps he's blind to ſee 'em.

Gloſt. Know'ſt thou the Way to *Dover*?

Edg. Both Stile and Gate, Horſe-way and Foot-path; poor *Tom* has been ſcar'd out of his good Wits; bleſs every true Man's Son from the foul Fiend.

Gloſt. Here, take this Purſe; that I am wretched,
Makes thee happier, Heav'n deal ſo ſtill.
Thus let the griping Uſurer's Hord be ſcatter'd,
So Diſtribution ſhall undo Exceſs,
And each Man have enough. Doſt thou know *Dover*?

Edg. Ay, Maſter.

Gloſt. There's a Cliff, whoſe high and bending Head
Looks dreadfully down on the roaring Deep;
Bring me but to the very Brink of it,
And I'll repair the Poverty thou bear'ſt
With ſomething Rich about me, from that Place
I ſhall no leading need.

Edg. Give me thy Arm: poor *Tom* ſhall guide thee.

Gloſt. Soft, for I hear the Tread of Paſſengers.

Enter

Enter Kent *and* Cordelia.

Cord. Ah me! your Fear's too true, it was the King;
I ſpoke but now with ſome that met him
As mad as the vext Sea, ſinging aloud,
Crown'd with rank Femiter, and Furrow Weeds,
With Berries, Burdocks, Violets, Dazies, Poppies,
And all the idle Flowers that grow
In our ſuſtaining Corn; conduct me to him,
And Heav'n ſo proſper thee.

Kent. I will, good Lady.
Ha, *Gloſter* here!—Turn, poor dark Man, and hear
A Friend's Condolement, who at ſight of thine
Forgets his own Diſtreſs, thy old true *Kent.*

Gloſt. How, *Kent?* from whence return'd?

Kent. I have not ſince my Baniſhment been abſent,
But in Diſguiſe follow'd th' abandon'd King:
'Twas me thou ſaw'ſt with him in the late Storm

Gloſt. Let me embrace thee, had I Eyes, I now
Should weep for Joy; but let this trickling Blood
Suffice inſtead of Tears.

Cord. O Miſery!
To whom ſhall I complain, or in what Language?
Forgive, O wretched Man, the Piety
That brought thee to this paſs; 'twas I that caus'd it;
I caſt me at thy Feet and beg of thee
To cruſh theſe weeping Eyes to equal Darkneſs,
If that will give thee any Recompence.

Edg. Was ever Seaſon ſo diſtreſt as this? (*Aſide.*

Gloſt. I think *Cordelia*'s Voice! riſe, pious Princeſs,
And take a dark Man's Bleſſing.

Cord. O my *Edgar!*
My Virtue's now grown guilty, works the Bane
Of thoſe that do befriend me, Heav'n forſakes me,
And when you look that Way, it is but juſt
That you ſhou'd hate me too.

Edg. O wave this cutting Speech, and ſpare to wound
A Heart that's on the Rack.

Gloſt. No longer cloud thee, *Kent*, in that Diſguiſe,
There's

There's Buſineſs for thee, and of nobleſt Weight;
Our injur'd Country is at length in Arms,
Urg'd by the King's inhuman Wrongs and mine,
And only want a Chief to lead 'em on.
That Taſk be thine.

Edg. Brave *Britons*; then there's Life in't yet. (*Aſide.*

Kent. Then have we one Caſt for our Fortune yet.
Come, Princeſs, I'll beſtow you with the King,
Then on the Spur to head theſe Forces:
Farewel, good *Gloſter*, to our Conduct truſt.

Gloſt. And be your Cauſe as Proſp'rous as 'tis Juſt.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE, Goneril's *Palace.*

Enter Goneril, *Attendants.*

Gon. It was great Ignorance, *Gloſter*'s Eyes being out,
To let him live; where he arrives, he moves
All Hearts againſt us; *Edmund* I think is gone,
In pity to his Miſery, to diſpatch him.

Gent. No, Madam, he's return'd on ſpeedy Summons
Back to your Siſter.

Gon. Ha! I like not that,
Such Speed muſt have the Wings of Love; where's *Albany?*

Gent. Madam, within, but never Man ſo chang'd;
I told him of the Uproar of the Peaſants,
He ſmil'd at it; when I inform'd him
Of *Gloſter*'s Treaſon———

Gon. Trouble him no farther,
It is his coward Spirit; back to our Siſter,
Haſten her Muſters, and let her know
I have giv'n the Diſtaff into my Huſband's Hands.
That done, with ſpecial Care deliver theſe Diſpatches
In private to young *Gloſter.*

Enter

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. O Madam, moſt unſeaſonable News,
The Duke of *Cornwall*'s dead of his late Wound,
Whoſe Loſs your Siſter has in part ſupply'd,
Making brave *Edmund* General of her Forces.
Gon. One Way I like this well;
But being Widow, and my *Gloſter* with her,
May blaſt the promis'd Harveſt of our Love.
A Word more, Sir, — add Speed to your Journey,
And if you chance to meet with that blind Traitor,
Preferment falls on him that cuts him off. *(Ex.*

The Field SCENE.

Enter Gloſter *and* Edgar.

Gloſt. When ſhall we come to th' Top of that ſame Hill?
Edg. We climb it now, mark how we labour.
Gloſt. Methinks the Ground is even.
Edg. Horribly Steep! hark, do you hear the Sea?
Gloſt. No truly.
Edg. Why then your other Senſes grow imperfect
By your Eyes Anguiſh.
Gloſt. So may it be indeed.
Methinks thy Voice is alter'd, and thou ſpeak'ſt
In better Phraſe and Matter than thou did'ſt.
Edg. You are much deceiv'd, in nothing I am alter'd,
But in my Garments.
Gloſt. Methinks y' are better ſpoken.
Edg. Come on, Sir, here's the Place, how fearful
And dizzy 'tis to caſt one's Eyes ſo low.
The Crows and Coughs that Wing the mid-way Air,
Shew ſcarce ſo big as Beetles, half Way down
Hangs one that gathers Samphire, dreadful Trade!
The Fiſhermen, that walk upon the Beach,
Appear like Mice, and yon tall anch'ring Barque
Seems leſſen'd to her Cock, her Cock a Buoy
Almoſt too ſmall for Sight; the murmuring Surge

Cannot

Cannot be heard ſo high, I'll look no more,
Leſt my Brain turn, and the Diſorder make me
Tumble down head-long.

Gloſt. Set me where you ſtand.

Edg. You are now within a Foot of the extream Verge,
For all beneath the Moon I wou'd not now
Leap forward.

Gloſt. Let go my Hand,
Here, Friend, is another Purſe, in it a Jewel
Well worth a poor Man's taking; get thee farther,
Bid me farewell, and let me hear thee going.

Edg. Fare you well, Sir,——That I do trifle thus
With this his Deſpair, is with Deſign to cure it.

Gloſt. Thus, mighty Gods, this Wor'd I do renounce,
And in your Sight ſhake my Afflictions off;
If I cou'd bear 'em longer, and not fall
To quarrel with your great oppoſeleſs Wills,
My Snuff and feebler Part of Nature ſhould
Burn itſelf out; if *Edgar* live, O bleſs him.
Now, Fellow, fare thee well.

Edg. Gone, Sir, farewell.
And yet I know not how Conceit may rob
The Treaſury of Life, had he been where he thought
By this had Thought been paſt.—Alive, or Dead?
Hoa, Sir, Friend; here you, Sir, ſpeak.——
Thus might he paſs indeed,—yet he revives.
What are you, Sir?

Gloſt. Away, and let me die.

Edg. Hadſt thou been ought but Goſmore Feathers,
Air,
Falling ſo many Fathom down,
Thou hadſt ſhiver'd like an Egg; but thou doſt breathe,
Haſt heavy Subſtance, bleed'ſt? Not ſpeak! Art ſound?
Thy Life's a Miracle.

Gloſt. But have I fall'n, or no?

Edg. From the dread Summit of this chalky Bourn;
Look up, an Height, the Shrill-turn'd Lark ſo high
Cannot be ſeen, or heard; do but look up.

Gloſt. Alack, I have no Eyes.

Is Wretchedneſs depriv'd that Benefit,
To end itſelf by Death?

Edg. Give me your Arm.
Up; ſo, how is't? Feel you your Legs? You ſtand.

Gloſt. Too well, too well.

Edg. Upon the Brow o'th' Cliff, what Thing was that
Which parted from you?

Gloſt. A poor unfortunate Beggar.

Edg. As I ſtood here below, methought his Eyes
Were two full Moons; wide Noſtrils breathing Fire;
It was ſome Fiend, therefore thou happy Father,
Think that th' all powerful Gods, who make them Honours
Of Mens Impoſſibilities, have preſerv'd thee.

Gloſt. 'Tis wonderful; henceforth I'll bear Affliction
'Till it expire; the Goblin which you ſpeak of,
I took for a Man: oft-times 'twould ſay,
The Fiend, the Fiend: He led me to that Place.

Edg. Bear free and patient Thoughts: but who comes here?

Enter Lear, *a Coronet of Flowers on his Head; Wreaths, and Garlands about him.*

Lear. No, no; they cannot touch me for Coining;
I am the King himſelf.

Edg. O piercing Sight!

Lear. Nature's above Art in that Reſpect: There's your Preſs-money: That Fellow handles his Bow like a Cow-keeper:——— Draw me a Clothier's Yard. A Mouſe, a Mouſe, peace, hoa! There's my Gauntlet; I'll prove it on a Giant: Bring up the brown Bills: O well flown Bird; i' th' White, i' th' White.——Heugh! give the Word.

Edg. Sweet *Marjorum.*

Lear. Paſs.

Gloſt. I know that Voice.

Lear. Ha! *Goneril* with a white Beard! they flatter'd me like a Dog, and told me I had white Hairs on my Chin, before the black ones were there: To ſay ay and no

no to every Thing that I ſaid: Ay, and no too was no good Divinity. When the Rain came once to wet me, and the Winds to make me chatter, when the Thunder wou'd not peace at my Bidding. There I found 'em, there I ſmelt 'em out; go too; they are not Men of their Words; they told me I was a King; 'tis a Lye, I am not Ague Proof.

Gloſt. That Voice I well remember, it's not the King's?

Lear. Ay, every Inch a King, when I do ſtare,
See how the Subject quakes.
I pardon that Man's Life; what was the Cauſe?
Adultery? Thou ſhalt not die. Die for Adultery!
The Wren goes to't, and the ſmall gilded Fly
Engenders in my Sight; let Copulation thrive;
For *Gloſter*'s Baſtard Son was kinder to his Father
Than were my Daughters got i'th' lawful Bed.
To't Luxury, Pell-mell, for I lack Soldiers.

Gloſt. Not all my Sorrows paſt ſo deep have touch'd me,
As theſe ſad Accents: Sight were now a Torment.——

Lear. Behold that ſimpering Lady, ſhe that ſtarts
At Pleaſure's Name, and thinks her Ear profan'd
With the leaſt wanton Word: wou'd you believe it,
The Fitcher, nor the pamper'd Steed goes to't
With ſuch a riotous Appetite: Down from the Waſte they are Centaurs, though Women all above; but to the Girdle do the Gods inherit, beneath is all the Fiends: There's Hell, there's Darkneſs, the ſulphurous unfathom'd—Fie! fie! pah!—an Ounce of Civet, good Apothecary, to ſweeten my Imagination.——There's Money for thee.

Gloſt. Let me kiſs that Hand.

Lear. Let me wipe it firſt; it ſmells of Mortality.

Gloſt. Speak, Sir, do you know me?

Lear. I remember thy Eyes well enough: Nay do thy worſt, blind *Cupid*. I'll not love—Read me this Challenge, mark but the Penning of it.

Gloſt. Were all the Letters Suns, I could not ſee.

Edg. I wou'd not take this from Report; wretched *Cordelia*,

What will thy Virtue do when thou shalt find
This fresh Affliction added to the Tale
Of thy unparallel'd Griefs?

Lear. Read!

Glost. What! with this Case of Eyes?

Lear. O ho! Are you there with me? No Eyes in your Head, and no Money in your Purse? Yet you see how this World goes.

Glost. I see it feelingly.

Lear. What! Art Mad? A Man may see how this World goes with no Eyes. Look with thy Ears; see how yon Justice rails on that simple Thief; shake 'em together, and the first that drops, be it Thief or Justice, is a Villain. ——— Thou hast seen a Farmer's Dog bark at a Beggar.

Glost. Ay, Sir.

Lear. And the Man ran from the Cur; there thou might'st behold the great Image of Authority; a Dog's obey'd in Office. Thou Rascal, Beadle, hold up thy bloody Hand, why dost thou lash that Strumpet? Thou hotly lust'st to enjoy her in that Kind for which thou whip her; do, do, the Judge that sentenc'd her has been before-hand with thee.

Glost. How stiff is my vile Sense, that yields not yet!

Lear. I tell thee the Usurer hangs the Couz'ner; through tatter'd Robes small Vices do appear; Robes, and Furr-gowns hide all: Place Sins with Gold; why there 'tis for thee, my Friend, make much of it; it has the Pow'r to seal the Accuser's Lips. Get thee Glass Eyes, and like a scurvy Politician, seem to see the Things thou dost not. Pull, pull off my Boots; hard, harder; so, so.

Glost. O Matter and Impertinency mixt!
Reason in Madness.

Lear. If thou wilt weep my Fortunes, take my Eyes,
I know thee well enough, thy Name is *Glosster.*
Thou must be patient, we come crying hither:
Thou know'st, the first Time that we taste the Air
We wail and cry. —— I'll preach to thee, mark.

Edg.

Edg. Break lab'ring Heart.

Lear. When we are born, we cry that we are come
To this great Stage of Fools.——

Enter two or three Gentlemen.

Gent. O! here he is; lay Hand upon him, Sir:
Your deareſt Daughter ſends ——

Lear. No Reſcue? What! a Priſoner? I am even the natural Fool of Fortune: Uſe me well, you ſhall have Ranſom—Let me have Surgeons? O! I am cut to th' Brains.

Gent. You ſhall have any Thing.

Lear. No Seconds? All myſelf? I will die bravely like a ſmug Bridegroom, flush'd and pamper'd as a Prieſt's Whore, I am a King, my Maſters, know ye that?

Gent. You are a Royal one, and we obey you.

Lear. It were an excellent Stratagem to ſhoe a Troop of Horſe with Felt, I'll put in proof—No Noiſe, no Noiſe.——Now will we ſteal upon theſe Sons-in Law, and then——Kill, kill, kill, kill? (*Ex. Running.*

Gloſt. A Sight moſt moving in the meaneſt Wretch.
Paſt ſpeaking in a King. Now, good Sir, what are you?

Edg. A moſt poor Man, made tame to Fortune's Strokes,
And prone to pity by experienc'd Sorrows; give me your Hand.

Gloſt. Ye ever gentle Gods, take my Breath from me,
And let not my ill Genius tempt me more
To die before you pleaſe.

Enter Goneril's *Gentleman Uſher.*

Gent. A proclaim'd Prize, O moſt happily met,
That Eye-leſs Head of thine was firſt fram'd Fleſh
To raiſe my Fortunes; Thou old unhappy Traitor,
The Sword is out that muſt deſtroy thee.

Gloſt. Now let thy friendly Hand put Strength enough to't.

Gent. Wherefore, bold Peaſant,
Dar'ſt thou ſupport a publiſh'd Traitor? Hence,
Leſt I deſtroy thee too. Let go his Arm.

Edg. Chill not let go, Zir, without 'verther 'caſion.

Gent. Let go Slave, or thou dieſt.

Edg. Good Gentlemen go your Gate, and let poor Volk paſs; and Chu'd ha' bin' Zwagger'd out of my Life, it wou'd not a bin zo long as 'tis by a Vortnight.—Nay, an' thou com'ſt near the old Man, I'ſt try whether your Coſtard or my Ballow be th' harder.

Gent. Out Dunghill.

Edg. 'Chill pick your Teeth, Zir; come no matter Voines.

Gent. Slave, thou haſt Slain me; Oh untimely Death!

Edg. I know thee well, a ſerviceable Villain,
As duteous to the Vices of thy Miſtreſs,
As Luſt could wiſh.

Gloſt. What! is he dead?

Edg. Sit you, Sir, and reſt you.
This is a Letter-Carrier, and may have
Some Papers of Intelligence, that may ſtand
Our Party in good Stead to know.—What's here?

(Takes a Letter out of his Pocket, opens, and reads.

To *Edmund* Earl of *Gloſter.*

Let our mutual Loves be remembered, you have many Opportunities to cut him off. If he return the Conqueror, then I am ſtill a Priſoner, and his Bed my Goal; from the loath'd Warmth of which deliver me, and ſupply the Place for your Labour.

Goneril.

A Plot upon her Huſband's Life,
And the Exchange my Brother!—Here i'th Sands;
I'll rake thee up, thou Meſſenger of Luſt,
Griev'd only that thou had'ſt no other Death-man,
In Time and Place convenient, I'll produce

Theſe

Theſe Letters to the Sight of th' injur'd Duke,
As beſt ſhall ſerve our Purpoſe: Come, your Hand.
Far off methinks I hear the beaten Drum.
Come, Sir, I will beſtow you with a Friend. *(Exeunt.*

SCENE, *A Chamber.*

Lear *aſleep on a Couch*; Cordelia, *and Attendants ſtanding by him.*

Cord. His Sleep is ſound, and may have good Effect
To cure his jarring Senſes, and repair
This Breach of Nature.
Phyſ. We have employ'd the utmoſt Pow'r of Art,
And this deep Reſt will perfect our Deſign.
Cord. O *Regan*, *Goneril!* Inhuman Siſters,
Had he not been your Father, theſe white Hairs
Had challeng'd ſure ſome Pity? Was this a Face
To be expos'd againſt the jarring Winds?
My Enemy's Dog, though he had bit me, ſhou'd
Have ſtood that Night againſt my Fire——he wakes,
ſpeak to him.
Gent. Madam, do you, 'tis fitteſt.
Cord. How does my Royal Lord? How fares your
Majeſty?
Lear. You do me Wrong to take me out o'th' Grave.
Ha! Is this too a World of Cruelty?
I know my Priviledge, think not that I will
Be us'd like a wretched Mortal? no,
No more of that.
Cord. Speak to me, Sir, who am I?
Lear. You are a Soul in Bliſs, but I am bound
Upon a Wheel of Fire, which my own Tears
Do ſcald like molten Lead.
Cord. Sir, do you know me?
Lear. You are a Spirit, I know; where did you die?
Cord. Still, ſtill, far wide.

Phyſ.

Phyſ. Madam, he's ſcarce awake; he'll ſoon grow more compos'd.

Lear. Where have I been? Where am I? Fair Day-Light!
I am migh'ily abus'd, I ſhould even die with Pity
To ſee another thus. I will not ſwear
Theſe are my Hands.

Cord. O look upon me, Sir,
And hold your Hands in Bleſſing o'er me; nay,
You muſt not kneel.

Lear. Pray do not mock me:
I am a very fooliſh fond old Man,
Fourſcore and upward; and to deal plainly with you,
I fear I am not in my perfect Mind.

Cord. Nay, then farewell to Patience: Witneſs for me
Ye mighty Pow'rs, I ne'er complain'd till now!

Lear. Methinks I ſhou'd know you and know this Man;
Yet I am doubtful, for I am mainly ignorant
What Place this is, and all the Skill I have
Remember not theſe Garments; nor do I know
Where I did ſleep laſt Night.—Pray do not mock me——
For, as I am a Man, I think that Lady
To be my Child *Cordelia.*

Cord. O my dear, dear Father!

Lear. Be your Tears wet? Yes faith; pray do not weep,
I know I have giv'n thee Cauſe, and am ſo humbled
With Croſſes ſince, that I cou'd aſk
Forgiveneſs of thee, were it poſſible
That thou cou'd grant it; but I'm well aſſur'd
Thou can'ſt not; therefore I do ſtand thy Juſtice;
If thou haſt Poiſon for me I will drink it,
Bleſs thee and die.

Cord. O pity, Sir, a bleeding Heart, and ceaſe
This killing Language.

Lear. Tell me, Friends, where am I?

Gent. In your own Kingdom, Sir.

Lear. Do not abuſe me.

Gent. Be comforted, good Madam, for the Violence

Of

Of his Diſtemper's paſt; we'll lead him in,
Nor trouble him, till he is better ſettled.
Wil't pleaſe you, Sir, walk into freer Air?

Lear. You muſt bear with me, I am old and fooliſh.
(They lead him off.

Cord. The Gods reſtore you— Hark, I hear afar
The beaten Drum, old *Kent*'s a Man of's Word.
O for an Arm
Like the fierce Thunderers, when the Earth-born Sons
Storm'd Heav'n, to fight this injur'd Father's Battle!
That I cou'd ſhift my Sex, and dye me deep
In his Oppoſer's Blood! But as I may,
With Women's Weapons, Piety and Pray'rs,
I'll aid his Cauſe——You never erring Gods
Fight on his Side, and Thunder on his Foes
Such Tempeſts as his poor ag'd Head ſuſtain'd;
Your Image ſuffers when a Monarch bleeds.
'Tis your own Cauſe, for that your Succours bring,
Revenge yourſelves, and Right an injur'd King.

ACT V.

SCENE, *a Camp.*

Enter Goneril *and Attendants.*

Gon. OUR Siſter's Pow'rs already are arriv'd,
And ſhe herſelf has promis'd to prevent
The Night with her Approach: Have you provided
The Banquet I beſpoke for her Reception
At my Tent?

Act

Att. So, pleaſe your Grace, we have.
Gon. But thou, my Priſoner, muſt prepare the Bowl
That Crowns this Banquet, when our Mirth is high;
The Trumpets ſounding and the Flutes replying,
Then is the Time to give this fatal Draught
To this imperious Siſter; if then our Arms ſucceed,
Edmund, more dear than Victory, is mine.
But if Defeat or Death itſelf attend me,
'Twill charm my Ghoſt to think I've left behind me,
No happy Rival. Hark, ſhe comes. (*Trumpet.*
(*Exeunt.*

Enter Baſtard *in his Tent.*

Baſt. To both theſe Siſters have I ſworn my Love;
Each jealous of the other, as the Stung
Are of the Adder; neither can be he'd
If both remain alive; where ſhall I fix?
Cornwall is dead, and *Regan*'s empty Bed
Seems caſt by Fortune for me; but already
I have enjoy'd her, and bright *Goneril*
With equal Charms brings dear Variety,
And yet untaſted Beauty: I will uſe
Her Huſband's Countenance for the Battle, then
Uſurp at once his Bed and Throne. (*Enter Officers.*
My truſty Scouts y'are well return'd; have ye deſcry'd
The Strength and Poſture of the Enemy?
Off. We have, and were ſurpriz'd to find
The baniſh'd *Kent* return'd and at their Head;
Your Brother *Edgar* on the Rear; old *Gloſter*
(A moving Spectacle) led through their Ranks,
Whoſe powerful Tongue, and more prevailing Wrongs,
Have ſo enrag'd their ruſtick Spirit, that with
h' approaching Dawn we muſt expect their Battle.
Baſt. You bring a welcome Hearing: Each to his
Charge.
Line well your Ranks, and ſtand on your Award;
To-night repoſe you, and i'th' Morn we'll give
The Sun a Sight that ſhall be worth his Riſing.

SCENE

SCENE, *A Valley near the Camp.*

Enter Edgar *and* Gloſter.

Edg. Here, Sir, take you the Shadow of this Tree
For your good Hoſt; pray that the right may thrive:
If ever I return to you again
I'll bring you comfort. (*Exit.*
Gloſt. Thanks, friendly Sir;
The Fortune your good Cauſe deſerves betide you.
(*An Alarm, after which* Gloſter *ſpeaks.*
The Fight grows hot; the whole War's now at Work,
And the goar'd Battle bleeds in every Vein,
Whilſt Drums and Trumpets drown loud Slaughter's Roar:
Where's *Gloſter* now that us'd to head the Fray,
And ſcour the Ranks where deadlieſt Danger lay?
Here like a Shepherd in a lonely Shade,
Idle, unarm'd, and liſtening to the Fight;
Yet the diſabled Courſer, maim'd and blind,
When to the Stall he hears the ratling War,
Foaming with rage, tears up the batter'd Ground,
And tugs for Liberty.
No more of Shelter, thou blind Worm, but forth
To th' open Field; the War may come this Way
And cruſh thee into Reſt—Here lie thee down,
And tear the Earth, that Work beſits a Mole.
O dark Deſpair! When *Edgar*, wilt thou come
To pardon, and diſmiſs me to the Grave?
(*A Retreat ſounded.*
Hark! a Retreat, the King has loſt or won.

Re-enter Edgar, *Bloody.*

Edg. Away, old Man, give me your Hand, away!
King *Lear* has loſt; he and his Daughter ta'en,
And this, ye Gods, is all that I can ſave
Of this moſt precious Wreck; give me your Hand.
Gloſt. No farther, Sir, a Man may rot even here.
Edg. What! In ill Thoughts again? Men muſt endure
Their

Att. So, pleaſe your Grace, we have.

Gon. But thou, my Priſoner, muſt prepare the Bowl
That Crowns this Banquet, when our Mirth is high,
The Trumpets ſounding and the Flutes replying,
Then is the Time to give this fatal Draught
To this imperious Siſter; if then our Arms ſucceed,
Edmund, more dear than Victory, is mine.
But if Defeat or Death itſelf attend me,
'Twill charm my Ghoſt to think I've left behind me,
No happy Rival. Hark, ſhe comes. (*Trumpet.*

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Of this moſt precious Wreck; give me your Hand.
Gloſt. No farther, Sir, a Man may rot even here.
Edg. What! In ill Thoughts again? Men muſt endure
Their

Their going hence, ev'n as their coming hither.
Gloſt. And that's true too. (*Exeunt.*

Flouriſh. Enter in Conqueſt, Albany, Goneril, Regan, Baſtard, Lear, Kent, Cordelia, *Priſoners.*

Alb. It is enough to have conquer'd, Cruelty
Shou'd ne'er ſurvive the Fight. Captain o'th' Guards,
Treat well your Royal Priſoners, 'till you have
Our farther Orders, as you hold our Pleaſure.
Gon. Hark, Sir, not as you hold our Huſband's Pleaſure, (*To the Captain aſide.*
But as you hold your Life, diſpatch your Priſoners.
Our Empire can have no ſure Settlement
But in their Death, the Earth, that covers them,
Binds faſt our Throne. Let me hear they're dead.
Capt. I ſhall obey your Orders. (*Exit.*
Baſt. Sir, I approve it ſafeſt to pronounce
Sentence of Death upon this wretched King,
Whoſe Age has charms in it; his Title more,
To draw the Commons once more to his Side
'Twere beſt prevent———
Alb. Sir, by your Favour,
I hold you but a Subject of this War,
Not as a Brother.
Reg. That's as we liſt to grace him.
Have you forgot that he did lead our Pow'rs;
Bore the Commiſſion of our Place and Perſon?
And that Authority may well ſtand up,
And call itſelf your Brother.
Gon. Not ſo hot.
In his own Merits he exalts himſelf,
More than in your Addition.

Enter Edgar *diſguis'd.*

Alb. What art thou?
Edg. Pardon me, Sir, that I preſume to ſtop
A Prince and Conqueror, yet ere you Triumph,
Give Ear to what a Stranger can deliver

Of

Of what Concerns you more than Triumph can:
I do impeach your General there of Treaſon,
Lord *Edmund*, that uſurps the Name of *Gloſter*,
Of fouleſt Practice 'gainſt your Liſe and Honour;
This Charge is true, and wretched though I ſeem,
I can produce a Champion, that will prove
In ſingle Combat what I do avouch,
If *Edmund* dares but truſt his Cauſe and Sword.

Baſt. What will not *Edmund* dare? my Lord, I beg
The Favour that you'd inſtantly appoint
The Place where I may meet this Challenger,
Whom I will ſacrifice to my wrong'd Fame;
Remember, Sir, that injur'd Honour's nice
And cannot brook Delay.

Alb. Anon, before our Tent, i'th' Army's View,
There let the Herald cry.

Edg. I thank your Highneſs in my Champion's Name,
He'll wait your Trumpet's Call.

Alb. Lead. *(Exeunt.*

Manent Lear, Kent, Cordelia, *guarded.*

Lear. O *Kent*, *Cordelia!*
You are the only Pair that I e'er wrong'd,
And the juſt Gods have made you Witneſſes
Of my Diſgrace, the very Shame of Fortune,
To ſee me chain'd and ſhackled at theſe Years!
Yet were you but Spectators of my Woes,
Not Fellow-ſufferers, all were well!

Cord. This Language, Sir, adds yet to our Affliction.

Lear. Thou, *Kent*, did'ſt head the Troops that fought my Battle,
Expos'd thy Life and Fortunes for a Maſter
That had (as I remember) baniſh'd thee.

Kent. Pardon me, Sir, that once I broke your Orders;
Baniſh'd by you, I kept me here diſguis'd
To watch your Fortunes, and protect your Perſon;
You know you entertain'd a rough blunt Fellow,
One *Cajus*, and you thought he did you Service.

Lear. My truſty *Cajus*, I have loſt him too!
'Twas a rough Honeſty. *(Weeps.*

Kent. I was that *Cajus*,
Diſguis'd in that courſe Dreſs, to follow you.
Lear. My *Cajus* too! wer't thou my truſty *Cajus*?
Enough, enough———
Cord. Ah me, he faints! his Blood forſakes his Cheek;
Help, *Kent*.———
Lear. No, no, they ſhall not ſee us weep,
We'll ſee them rot firſt——Guards, lead away to Priſon;
Come *Kent*, *Cordelia*, come;
We two will ſit alone, like Birds i'th' Cage,
When thou doſt aſk me Bleſſing, I'll kneel down
And aſk of thee Forgiveneſs; thus we'll live,
And pray, and ſing, and tell old Tales, and laugh
At gilded Butter-flies, hear Sycophants
Talk of Court-news, and we'll talk with them too,
Who loſes, and who wins, who's in, and who's out,
And take upon us the Myſtery of Things,
As if we were Heav'n's Spies.
Cord. Upon ſuch Sacrifices
The Gods themſelves throw Incenſe.
Lear. Have I caught ye?
He that parts us muſt bring a Brand from Heav'n:
Together we'll out-toil the Spight of Hell,
And die the Wonders of the World; away.
(Exeunt guarded.

Flouriſh. Ente efore the Tents. Albany, Goneril, Regan, *Guards and Attendants*; Goneril *ſpeaking apart to the Captain of the Guards entring.*

Gon. Here's Gold for thee, thou know'ſt our late Command
Upon your Priſoner's Lives; about it ſtraight, and at
Our Ev'ning Banquet let it raiſe our Mirth,
To hear that they are dead.
Capt. I ſhall not fail your Orders. *(Ex.*
(Albany, Gon. Reg. *take their Seats.*
Alb. Now, *Gloſter*, truſt to thy ſingle Virtue, for thy Soldiers

All

All levied in my Name, have in my Name
Took their Diſcharge; now let our Trumpets ſpeak,
And Herald read out this. *(Herald reads.*

If any Man of Quality, within the Liſts of the Army will maintain upon Edmund, *ſuppos'd Earl of* Gloſter, *that he is a manifold Traitor, let him appear by the third Sound of the Trumpet; he is bold in his Defence*
———*Again, Again.*
(Trumpets anſwer from within.

Enter Edgar *Arm'd.*

Alb. Lord *Edgar!*
Baſt. Ha! my Brother!
This is the only Combatant that I cou'd fear;
For in my Breaſt Guilt duels on his Side;
But, Conſcience, what have I to do with thee?
Awe thou thy dull legitimate Slaves, but I
Was born a Libertine, and ſo I keep me.
Edg. My noble Prince a Word:—e'er we engage
Into your Highneſs's Hands I give this Paper,
It will the Truth of my Impeachment prove,
Whatever be my Fortune in the Fight.
Alb. We ſhall peruſe it.
Edg. Now, *Edmund*, draw thy Sword,
That if my Speech has wrong'd a noble Heart,
Thy Arm may do thee Juſtice: Here i'th' Preſence
Of this high Prince, theſe Queens, and this crown'd Liſt,
I brand thee with the ſpotted Name of Traitor,
Falſe to thy Gods, thy Father, and thy Brother,
And what is more, thy Friend; falſe to this Prince:
If then thou ſhar'ſt a Spark of *Gloſter*'s Virtue,
Acquit thyſelf; or if thou ſhar'ſt his Courage,
Meet this Defiance bravely.
Baſt. And dares *Edgar*,
The beaten routed *Edgar*, brave his Conqueror?
From all thy Troops and thee I forc'd the Field;
Thou haſt loſt the general Stake, and art thou now

Come with thy petty ſingle Stock to play
This After-game?

Edg. Half-blooded Man,
Thy Father's Sin firſt, then his Puniſhment;
The dark and vicious Place where he begot thee
Coſt him his Eyes; from thy licentious Mother
Thou draw'ſt thy Villany; but for thy Part
Of *Gloſter*'s Blood, I hold thee worth my Sword.

Baſt. Thou bear'ſt thee on thy Mother's Piety,
Which I deſpiſe; thy Mother being chaſte
Thou art aſſur'd thou art but *Gloſter*'s Son;
But mine, diſdaining Conſtancy, leaves me
To hope that I am ſprung from nobler Blood,
And poſſible a King might be my Sire:
But be my Birth's uncertain Chance as 'twill,
Who 'twas that had the Hit to Father me
I know not; 'tis enough that I am I:
Of this one Thing I'm certain,—that I have
A daring Soul, and ſo have at thy Heart.
Sound Trumpet. (*Fight*, Baſtard *falls.*

Gon. and *Reg.* Save him, ſave him.

Gon. This was Practice, *Gloſter*,
Thou won'ſt the Field, and waſt not bound to fight
A vanquiſh'd Enemy. Thou art not conquer'd,
But couz'ned and betray'd.

Alb. Shut your Mouth, Lady,
Or with this Paper I ſhall ſtop it.—Hold, Sir,
Thou worſe than any Name, read thy own Evil:
No tearing, Lady, I perceive you know it.

Gon. Say, if I do, who ſhall arraign me for't?
The Laws are mine, not thine.

Alb. Moſt monſtrous! Ha! Thou know'ſt it too?

Baſt. Aſk me not what I know,
I have not Breath to anſwer idle Queſtions.

Alb. I have reſolved——your Right, brave Sir, has
conquer'd, (*To* Edgar.
Along with me, I muſt conſult your Father.
(*Exit* Albany *and* Edgar.

Reg. Help every Hand to ſave a noble Life;
My half o'th' Kingdom for a Man of Skill

To

To ſtop this precious Stream.
Baſt. Away, ye Empyricks,
Torment me not with your vain Offices:
The Sword has pierc'd too far; *Legitimacy*
At laſt has got it.
Reg. The Pride of Nature dies.
Gon. Away, the Minutes are too precious,
Diſturb us not with thy impertinent Sorrow.
Reg. Art thou my Rival then profeſt?
Gon. Why, was our Love a Secret, cou'd there be
Beauty like Mine, and Gallantry like his,
And not a mutual Love? Juſt Nature then
Had err'd. Behold that Copy of Perfection,
That Youth whoſe Story will have no foul Page,
But where it ſays he ſtoop'd to *Regan*'s Arms:
Which yet was but Compliance, not Affection;
A Charity to Begging, ruin'd Beauty!
Reg. Who begg'd when *Goneril* writ That; expoſe it,
(*Throws her a Letter.*
And let it be your Army's Mirth, as 'twas
This charming Youth's and mine, when in the Bow'r
He breath'd the warmeſt Extaſies of Love;
Then panting on my Breaſt, cry'd, matchleſs *Regan!*
That *Goneril* and thou ſhou'd e'er be Kin!
Gon. Die, *Circe*, for thy Charms are at an End,
Expire before my Face, and let me ſee
How well that boaſted Beauty will become
Congealing Blood, and Death's convulſive Pangs:
Die, and be huſh'd, for at my Tent laſt Night
Thou drank'ſt thy Bane, amidſt thy rev'ling Bowls:
Ha! Doſt thou ſmile? Is then thy Death thy Sport?
Or has the truſty Potion made thee Mad?
Reg. Thou com'ſt as ſhort of me in thy Revenge,
As in my *Gloſter*'s Love, my Jealouſy
Inſpir'd me to prevent thy feeble Malice,
And poiſon thee at thy own Banquet.
Gon. Ha!
Baſt. No more, my Queens, of this untimely Strife,
You both deſerve my Love, and both poſſeſt it.
Come, Soldiers, bear me in; and let

Your Royal Preſence grace my laſt Minutes;
Now, *Edgar*, thy proud Conqueſt I forgive;
Who wou'd not chuſe, like me, to yield his Breath
T' have Rival Queens contend for him in Death? *(Exeunt.*

SCENE, *A Priſon.*

Lear *aſleep, with his Head on* Cordelia's *Lap.*

Cord. What Toils, thou wretched King, haſt thou endur'd
To make thee draw in Chains, a Sleep ſo ſound?
Thy better Angel charm thy raviſh'd Mind
With fancy'd Freedom; Peace is us'd to lodge
On Cottage Straw. Thou haſt the Beggar's Bed,
Therefore ſhou'dſt have the Beggar's careleſs Thought.
And now, my *Edgar*, I remember thee,
What Fate has ſeiz'd thee in this general Wreck,
I know not, but I know thou muſt be wretched,
Becauſe *Cordelia* holds thee dear.
O Gods! a ſudden Gloom o'er-whelms me, and the Image
Of Death o'er-ſpreads the Place—Ha! who are theſe?

Enter Captain *and* Officers, *with Cords.*

Capt. Now, Sirs, diſpatch, already you are paid
In Part, the beſt of your Reward's to come.
Lear. Charge, charge upon their Flank, their laſt Wing halts.
Puſh, puſh the Battle, and the Day's our own.
Their Ranks are broke, down with *Albany*.
Who holds my Hands?—O thou deceiving Sleep,
I was this very Minute on the Chaſe;
And now a Priſoner here—What mean the Slaves?
You will not murder me?
Cord. Help, Earth and Heaven!
For your Soul's Sake, dear Sirs, and for the Gods.
Offi. No Tears, good Lady, no pleading againſt Gold and Preferment,
Come, Sirs, make ready your Cords.

Cord.

Cord. You, Sir, I'll ſeize,
You have a human Form, and if no Pray'rs
Can touch your Soul to ſpare a poor King's Life,
If there be any Thing that you hold dear,
By that I beg you to diſpatch me firſt.
Capt. Comply with her Requeſt; diſpatch her firſt.
Lear. Off Hell-hounds, by the Gods I charge you ſpare her;
'Tis my *Cordelia*, my true pious Daughter:
No Pity?—Nay, then take an old Man's Vengeance.
(Snatches a Partiſan, and ſtrikes down two of them; the reſt quit Cordelia, *and turn upon him.*

Enter Edgar *and* Albany.

Edg. Death! Hell! ye Vulture, hold your impious Hands,
Or take a ſpeedier Death than you wou'd give.
Capt. By whoſe Command?
Edg. Behold the Duke your Lord.
Alb. Guards, ſeize thoſe Inſtruments of Cruelty.
Cord. My *Edgar*, Oh!
Edg. My dear *Cordelia!* Lucky was the Minute
Of our Approach, the Gods have weigh'd our Suff'rings;
W'are paſt the Fire, and now muſt ſhine to Ages.
Gent. Look here, my Lord, ſee where the generous King
Has ſlain two of 'em.
Lear. Did I not, Fellow?
I've ſeen the Day, with my good biting Faulſhion,
I cou'd have made them ſkip; I am old now,
And theſe vile Croſſes ſpoil me; out of Breath?
Fie, oh! quite out of Breath, and ſpent.
Alb. Bring in old *Kent*; and, *Edgar*, guide you hither
Your Father, whom you ſaid was near. *(Ex.* Edgar.
He may be an Ear-witneſs at the leaſt
Of our Proceedings. *(*Kent *brought in here.*
Lear. Who are you?
My Eyes are none o'th' beſt, I'll tell you ſtraight;
Oh *Albany!* Well, Sir, we are your Captives,
And you are come to ſee Death paſs upon us.

Why

Why this Delay?—or is't your Highneſs's Pleaſure
To give us firſt the Torture? ſay ye ſo?
Why here's old *Kent* and I, as tough a Pair
As e'er bore Tyrant's Stroke!—But my *Cordelia*,
My poor *Cordelia*, here, O pity!——

Alb. Take off their Chains.—Thou injur'd Majeſty,
The Wheel of Fortune now has made her Circle,
And Bleſſings yet ſtand 'twixt thy Grave and thee.

Lear. Com'ſt thou, inhuman Lord, to ſooth us back
To a Fool's Paradiſe of Hope, to make
Our Doom more wretched? Go too, we are too well
Acquainted with Misfortune to be gull'd
With lying Hope; No, we will hope no more.

Alb. I have a Tale, t'unfold ſo full of Wonder
As cannot meet an eaſy Faith;
But by that Royal injur'd Head 'tis true.

Kent. What wou'd your Highneſs?

Alb. Know, the noble *Edgar*
Impeach'd Lord *Edmund* ſince the Fight of Treaſon;
And dar'd him for the Proof to ſingle Combat,
In which the Gods confirm'd his Charge by Conqueſt;
I left ev'n now the Traitor wounded mortally.

Lear. And whither tends this Story?

Alb E'er they fought
Lord *Edgar* gave into my Hands this Paper,
A blacker Scrowl of Treaſon, and of Luſt,
Than can be found in the Records of Hell;
There, ſacred Sir, behold the Character
Of *Goneril*, the worſt of Daughters, but
More vicious Wife.

Cord. Cou'd there be yet addition to their Guilt?
What will not they that wrong a Father do?

Alb. Since then my Injuries, *Lear*, fall in with thine,
I have reſolv'd the ſame Redreſs for both.

Kent. What ſays my Lord?

Cord. Speak, for methought I heard
The charming Voice of a deſcending God.

Alb. The Troops by *Edmund* rais'd, I have diſbanded;
Thoſe that remain are under my Command.
What Comfort may be brought to chear your Age,

And

And heal your ſavage Wrongs, ſhall be apply'd;
For to your Majeſty we do reſign
Your Kingdom, ſave what Part yourſelf conferr'd
On us in Marriage.

Kent. Hear you that, my Liege?

Cord. Then there are Gods, and Virtue is their Care.

Lear. Is't poſſible?
Let the Spheres ſtop their Courſe, the Sun make halt,
The Winds be huſh'd, the Seas and Fountains reſt;
All Nature pauſe, and liſten to the Change.
Where is my *Kent*, my *Cajus?*

Kent. Here, my Liege.

Lear. Why I have News that will recal thy Youth;
Ha! didſt thou hear't, or did th' inſpiring Gods
Whiſper to me alone? Old *Lear* ſhall be
A King again.

Kent. The Prince that like a God has Pow'r, has ſaid it.

Lear. *Cordelia* then ſhall be a Queen, mark that.
Cordelia ſhall be a Queen; Winds catch the Sound,
And bear it on your roſy Wings to Heav'n.
Cordelia is a Queen.

Re-enter Edgar *with* Gloſter.

Alb. Look, Sir, where pious *Edgar* comes,
Leading his Eye-leſs Father: O my Liege!
His wond'rous Story will deſerve you Leiſure;
What he has done and ſuffer'd for your Sake,
What for the fair *Cordelia*'s.

Gloſt. Where is my Liege? Conduct me to his Knees to hail
His ſecond Birth of Empire; my dear *Edgar*,
Has, with himſelf, reveal'd the King's bleſt Reſtoration.

Lear. My poor dark *Gloſter*

Gloſt. O let me kiſs that once more ſceptred Hand!

Lear. Hold, thou miſtak'ſt the Majeſty, kneel here;
Cordelia has our Pow'r, *Cordelia*'s Queen.
Speak, is not that the noble ſuff'ring *Edgar?*

Gloſt. My pious Son, more dear than my loſt Eyes!

Lear. I wrong'd him too, but here's the fair Amends.

Edg.

Edg. Your Leave, my Liege, for an unwelcome Meſſage.
Edmund (but that's a Trifle) is expir'd;
What more will touch you, your imperious Daughters
Goneril and haughty *Regan*, both are dead,
Each by the other poiſon'd at a Banquet;
This, dying, they confeſt.

Cord. O fatal Period of ill-govern'd Life!

Lear. Ingrateful as they were, my Heart feels yet
A Pang of Nature for their wretched Fall;———
But *Edgar*, I defer thy Joys too well:
Thou ſerv'ſt diſtreſt *Cordelia*; take her crown'd:
Th' imperial Grace freſh blooming on her Brow;
Nay, *Gloſter*, thou haſt here a Father's Right,
Thy helping Hand t' heap Bleſſings on their Heads.

Kent. Old *Kent* throws in his hearty Wiſhes too.

Edg. The Gods and you too largely recompence
What I have done; the Gift ſtrikes Merit dumb.

Cord. Nor do I bluſh to own myſelf o'er-paid
For all my ſuff'rings paſt.

Gloſt. Now, gentle Gods, give *Gloſter* his Diſcharge.

Lear. No, *Gloſter*, thou haſt Buſineſs yet for Life;
Thou, *Kent*, and I, retir'd to ſome cloſe Cell,
Will gently paſs our ſhort Reſerves of Time
In calm Reflections on our Fortunes paſt,
Cheer'd with Relation of the proſperous Reign
Of this celeſtial Pair; thus our Remains
Shall in an even Courſe of Thought be paſt,
Enjoy the preſent Hour, nor fear the laſt.

Edg. Our drooping Country now erects her Head,
Peace ſpreads her balmy Wings, and Plenty blooms.
Divine *Cordelia*, all the Gods can witneſs
How much thy Love to Empire I prefer!
Thy bright Example ſhall convince the World
(Whatever Storms of Fortune are decreed)
That Truth and Virtue ſhall at laſt ſucceed.

(Exeunt Omnes.

FINIS.

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PROLOGUE.

SINCE by Miſtakes your beſt Delights are made,
(For e'en your Wives can pleaſe in Maſquerade,)
'Twere worth our while, to've drawn you in this Day,
By a new Name to our old honeſt Play;
But he that did this Evening's Treat prepare,
Bluntly reſolv'd before-hand to declare
Your Entertainment ſhould be moſt old Fare.
Yet hopes, ſince in rich Shakeſpear's *Soil it grew,*
'Twill reliſh yet, with thoſe whoſe Taſtes are true,
And his Ambition is to pleaſe a Few.
If then this Heap of Flow'rs ſhall chance to wear
Freſh Beauty in the Order they now bear,
Even this Shakeſpear's *Praiſe; each Ruſtick knows.*
'Mongſt plenteous Flow'rs a Garland to compoſe.
Which ſtrung by this coarſe Hand may fairer ſhow,
But 'twas a Power Divine firſt made 'em grow.
Why ſhou'd theſe Scenes lie hid, in which we find
What may at once divert and teach the Mind;
Morals were always proper for the Stage,
But are ev'n neceſſary in this Age.
Poets muſt take the Churches Teaching Trade,
Since Prieſts their Province of Intrigue invade;
But we the worſe in this Exchange have got,
In vain our Poets Preach, whilſt Churchmen Plot.

EPILOGUE,

EPILOGUE,

Spoken by Mrs. *BARRY*.

INconſtancy, the reigning Sin o' th' Age,
Will ſcarce endure true Lovers on the Stage,
You hardly, even in Plays with ſuch diſpenſe,
And Poets kill 'em in their own Defence.
Yet one bold Proof I was reſolv'd to give,
That I cou'd three Hours Conſtancy out-live.
You fear, perhaps, whilſt on the Stage w'are made
Such Saints, we ſhall indeed take up the Trade;
Sometimes we threaten,—but our Virtue may
For Truth, I fear, with your Pit-Valour weigh:
For (not to flatter either) I much doubt
When we are off the Stage, and you are out,
We are not quite ſo coy, nor you ſo ſtout.
We talk of Nunn'ries—But to be ſincere
Whoever lives to ſee us cloiſter'd there,
May hope to meet our Criticks at Tangier.
For ſhame give over this inglorious Trade
Of worrying Poets, and go maul th' Alcade.
Well —— ſince y'are all for bluſtring in the Pit,
This Play's Reviver humbly do's admit
Your abſolute Pow'r to damn his Part of it:
But ſtill ſo many Maſter-Touches ſhine
Of that vaſt Hand that firſt laid this Deſign,
That in great Shakeſpear's *Right he's bold to ſay,*
If you like nothing you have ſeen To-day,
The Play your Judgment damns, not you the Play.

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(5)

THE MERCHANT OF *VENICE.*

A

COMEDY.

Now Acting with Universal Applauſe at the Theatres in *London* and *Dublin.*

Written by Mr. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

DUBLIN:

Printed by T. DYTON, at *Newton's-head*, in *Dame-ſtreet*, 1762.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

DUKE of Venice,
Morochius, *a* Mooriſh *Prince,* } *Suitors to* Portia.
Prince of Arragon,
Anthonio, *the Merchant of* Venice.
Baſſanio, *his Friend, in love with* Portia.
Salanio, } *Friends to* Anthonio *and* Baſſanio.
Solarino, }
Gratiano, }
Lorenzo, *in love with* Jeſſica.
Shylock, *a* Jew.
Tubal, *a* Jew, *his Friend.*
Launcelot, *a Clown, Servant to the* Jew.
Gobbo, *an old Man, Father to* Launcelot.
Leonardo, *Servant to* Baſſanio.
Balthazar, } *Servants to* Portia.
Stephano, }

Portia, *an Heireſs of great Quality and Fortune.*
Neriſſa, *Confident to* Portia.
Jeſſica, *Daughter to* Shylock.

Senators of Venice, *Officers, Jailor, Servants and other Attendants.*

SCENE, *partly at* Venice; *and partly at* Belmont, *the Seat of* Portia, *upon the Continent.*

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THE

THE *Merchant of* Venice.

ACT I.

SCENE, *a Street in* Venice.

Enter Anthonio, Solarino, *and* Salanio.

ANTHONIO.

IN ſooth, I know not why I am ſo ſad:
It wearies me; you ſay, it wearies you;
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What ſtuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born,
I am to learn———

Sal. Your mind is toſſing on the ocean;
There, where your Argoſies with portly Sail,
Like Signiors, and rich burghers on the flood,
Or as it were the pageants of the ſea,
Do over-peer the petty traffickers,
That curtſie to them, do them reverence,
As they fly by them with their woven wings.

Sola. Believe me, Sir, had I ſuch venture forth,
The better part of my affections would
Be with my hopes abroad. I ſhould be ſtill
Plucking the graſs, to know where ſits the wind;
Peering in maps for ports, and piers, and roads;
And every object, that might make me fear
Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt,
Would make me ſad.

Sal. My wind, cooling my broth,
Would blow me to an ague, when I thought
What harm a wind too great might do at ſea.
I ſhould not ſee the ſandy hour-glaſs run,
But I ſhould think of ſhallows and of flats;
And ſee my wealthy *Andrew* dock'd in ſand,
Vailing her high top lower than her ribs,
To kiſs her burial. Should I go to church,
And ſee the holy edifice of ſtone,
And not bethink me ſtrait of dang'rous rocks?
Which, touching but my gentle veſſel's ſide,
Would ſcatter all the ſpices on the ſtream,
Enrobe the roaring waters with my ſilks;
And in a word, but even now worth this,
And now worth nothing. Shall I have the thought,
To think on this, and ſhall I lack the thought,
That ſuch a thing, bechanc'd, would make me ſad?
But tell not me;——I know, *Anthonio*
Is ſad to think upon his merchandize.

Anth. Believe me, no: I thank my fortune for it,
My ventures are not in one bottom truſted.
Nor to one place; nor is my whole eſtate
Upon the fortune of this preſent year:
Therefore, my merchandize makes me not ſad.

Sola. Why then you are in love.

Anth. Fie, fie!

Sola. Not in love neither; then let's ſay, you're ſad,
Becauſe you are not merry; and 'twere as eaſy
For you to laugh and leap, and ſay, you're merry,
Becauſe you are not ſad. Now by two-headed *Janus*,
Nature hath fram'd ſtrange fellows in her time;
Some that will evermore peep through their eyes,
And laugh, like parrots, at a bag-piper;
And others of ſuch vinegar aſpect,
That they'll not ſhow their teeth in way of ſmile,
Though *Neſtor* ſwear, the jeſt be laughable.

Enter Baſſanio, Lorenzo, *and* Gratiano.

Sal. Here comes *Baſſanio*, your moſt noble kinſman;
Gratiano and *Lorenzo*: fare ye well;
We leave ye now with better company.

Sola I would have ſtaid 'till I had made you merry,
If worthier friends had not prevented me.

Anth.

Anth. Your worth is very dear in my regard;
I take it, your own buſineſs calls on you,
And you embrace th' occaſion to depart.
Sal. Good-morrow, my good lords.
Baſſ. Good Signiors both, when ſhall we laugh? ſay, when?
You grow exceeding ſtrange; muſt it be ſo?
Sal. We'll make our leiſures to attend on yours.
Sola. My lord *Baſſanio*, ſince you've found *Anthonio*,
We two will leave you; but at dinner-time,
I pray you, have in mind where we muſt meet.
Baſſ. I will not fail you. [*Exeunt* Solar. *and* Sala.
Gra. You look not well, Signior *Anthonio*;
You have too much reſpect upon the world:
They loſe it, that do buy it with much care.
Believe me, you are marvellouſly chang'd.
Anth. I hold the world but as the world, *Gratiano*,
A ſtage, where every man muſt play his part,
And mine a ſad one.
Gra. Let me play the fool;———
With mirth, and laughter let old wrinkles come;
And let my liver rather heat with wine,
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
Why ſhould a man, whoſe blood is warm within,
Sit like his grandſire cut in *Alabaſter*?
Sleep when he wakes, and creep into the jaundice
By being peeviſh? I tell thee what, *Anthonio*,
(I love thee, and it is my love that ſpeaks:)
There are a ſort of men, whoſe viſages
Do cream and mantle like a ſtanding pond;
And do a wilful ſtilneſs entertain,
With purpoſe to be dreſt in an opinion
Of wiſdom, gravity, profound conceit;
As who ſhould ſay, I am *Sir Oracle*,
And when I ope my lips, let no dog bark!
O my *Anthonio*, I do know of thoſe,
That therefore only are reputed wiſe,
For ſaying nothing; who, I'm very ſure,
If they ſhould ſpeak, would almoſt damn thoſe ears,
Which hearing them, would call their brothers fools,
I'll tell thee more of this another time:

But fiſh not with this melancholy bait,
For this fool's gudgeon, this Opinion.
Come, good *Lorenzo*; fare ye well a while;
I'll end my exhortation after dinner.

Lor. Well, we will leave you then 'till dinner-time.
I muſt be one of theſe ſame dumb wiſe men;
For *Gratiano* never lets me ſpeak.

Gra. Well, keep me company but two years more,
Thou ſhalt not know the ſound of thine own tongue.

Anth. Fare well; I'll grow a talker for this gear.

Gra. Thanks i'faith; for ſilence is only commendable
In a neat's tongue dry'd, and a maid not vendible.

[*Exeunt* Gra. *and* Lorem.

Anth. Is that any thing now?

Baſſ. *Gratiano* ſpeaks an infinite deal of nothing, more than any man in all *Venice*: his reaſons are as two grains of wheat hid in two Buſhels of chaff; you ſhall ſeek all day ere you find them, and when you have them, they are not worth the ſearch.

Anth. Well; tell me now what lady is the ſame,
To whom you ſwore a ſecret pilgrimage,
That you to-day promis'd to tell me of?

Baſſ. 'Tis not unknown to you, *Anthonio*,
How much I have diſabled mine eſtate,
By ſhewing ſomething a more ſwelling port,
Than my faint means would grant continuance;
Nor do I now make moan to be abridg'd
From ſuch a noble rate; but my chief care
Is to come fairly off from the great debts,
Wherein my time, ſomething too prodigal,
Hath left me gaged: To you, *Anthonio*,
I owe the moſt in money, and in love;
And from your love I have a warranty
T' unburthen all my plots and purpoſes,
How to get clear of all the debts I owe.

Anth. I pray you, good *Baſſanio*, let me know it;
And if it ſtand, as you yourſelf ſtill do,
Within the eye of honour, be aſſur'd,
My purſe, my perſon, my extreameſt means
Lye all unlock'd to your occaſions.

Baſſ. In my ſchool days, when I had loſt one ſhaft,
I ſhot his fellow of the ſelf-ſame flight,

The

The ſelf-ſame way, with more adviſed watch,
To find the other forth; by ventring both,
I oft found both I urge this childhood proof,
Becauſe what follows is pure innocence.
I owe you much, and like a wilful youth,
That which I owe is loſt; but if you pleaſe
To ſhoot another arrow that ſelf way
Which you did ſhoot the firſt, I do not doubt,
As I will watch the aim, or to find both;
Or bring your latter hazard back again,
And thankfully reſt debtor for the firſt.

Anth. You know me well; and herein ſpend but time,
To wind about my love with circumſtance;
And, out of doubt, you do me now more wrong,
In making queſtion of my uttermoſt,
Than if you had made waſte of all I have.
Then do but ſay to me, what I ſhould do,
That in your knowledge may by me done,
And I am preſt unto it: therefore, ſpeak.

Baſſ. In *Belmont* is a lady richly left,
And ſhe is fair, and fairer than that word,
Of wondrous Virtues; ſometime from her eyes
I did receive fair ſpeechleſs meſſages;
Her name is *Portia*, nothing undervalu'd
To *Cato*'s daughter, *Brutus' Portia*:
Nor is the wide world ign'rant of her worth;
For the four winds blow in from every coaſt
Renowned ſuitors; and her ſunny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece;
Which makes her ſeat of *Belmont Colchos'* ſtrand;
And many *Jaſons* come in queſt of her.
O my *Anthonio* had I but the means
To hold a rival place with one of them,
I have a mind preſages me ſuch thrift,
That I ſhould queſtionleſs be fortunate.

Anth. Thou know'ſt, that all my fortunes are at ſea,
Nor have I money, or commodity,
To raiſe a preſent ſum; therefore, go forth;
Try what my credit can in *Venice* do;
That ſhall be rack'd even to the uttermoſt,
To furniſh thee to *Belmont*, to fair *Portia*:
Go, preſently enquire, and ſo will I,

Where money is; and I no queſtion make,
To have it of my truſt, or for my ſake. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *changes to* Belmont.

Three Caſkets are ſet out, one of gold, another of ſilver, and another of lead.

Enter Portia *and* Neriſſa.

Por. BY my troth, *Neriſſa*, my little body is weary of this great world.

Ner. You would be, ſweet madam, if your miſeries were in the ſame abundance as your good fortunes are; and yet, for ought I ſee, they are as ſick, that ſurfeit with too much, as they that ſtarve with nothing; therefore it is no mean happineſs to be ſeated in the mean; ſuperfluity comes ſooner by white hairs, but competency lives longer.

Por. Good ſentences, and well pronounc'd.

Ner. They would be better if well follow'd.

Por. If to do, were as eaſy as to know what were good to do, chappels had been churches; and poor mens Cottages, princes palaces. He is a good divine, that follows his own inſtructions; I can eaſier teach twenty what were good to be done, than to be one of the twenty to follow my own teaching. The brain may deviſe laws for the blood, but a hot temper leaps o'er a cold decree; ſuch a hare is madneſs the youth, to ſkip o'er the meſhes of good counſel the cripple! But this reaſoning is not in faſhion to chuſe me a huſband: O me, the word, chuſe! I may neither chuſe whom I would, nor refuſe whom I diſlike; ſo is the will of a living daughter curb'd by the will of a dead father: is it not hard, *Neriſſa*, that I cannot chuſe one, nor refuſe none?

Ner. Your father was ever virtuous, and holy men at their death have good inſpirations; therefore, the lottery that he hath deviſed in theſe three cheſts of gold, ſilver, and lead, (whereof who chuſes his meaning, chuſes you) will no doubt never be choſen by any rightly, but one whom you ſhall rightly love. But what warmth is there

in

in your affection towards any of theſe princely ſuitors, that are already come?

Por. I pray thee, over-name them; and as thou nam'ſt them, I will deſcribe them; and according to my deſcription, level at my affection.

Ner. Firſt, there is the *Neapolitan* Prince.

Por. Ay that's a Dolt, indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horſe; and he makes it a great appropriation to his own good parts, that he can ſhoe him himſelf: I am much afraid, my lady, his mother, play'd falſe with a ſmith.

Ner. Then there is the Count *Palatine.*

Por. He doth nothing but frown, as who ſhould ſay, if you will not have me, chuſe; he hears merry tales, and ſmiles not: I fear, he will prove the weeping philoſopher when he grows old, being ſo full of unmannerly ſadneſs in his youth. I had rather be married to a death's head with a bone in his mouth, than to either of theſe. God defend me from theſe two!

Ner. How ſay you by the *French* Lord, Monſieur *Le Boun?*

Por. God made him, and therefore let him paſs for a man; in truth, I know, it is a ſin to be a mocker; but he; why, he hath a horſe better than the *Neapolitan*'s; a better bad habit of frowning than the Count *Palatine*; he is every man in no man; if a throſtle ſing, he falls ſtrait a capering; he will fence with his own ſhadow; if I ſhould marry him, I ſhould marry twenty huſbands. If he would deſpiſe me, I would forgive him; for if he love me to madneſs, I ſhall never requite him.

Ner. What ſay you then to *Faulconbridge*, the young Baron of *England?*

Por. You know, I ſay nothing to him, for he underſtands not me, nor I him; he hath neither *Latin*, *French*, nor *Italian*, and you may come into the court, and ſwear, that I have a poor pennyworth in the *Engliſh*. He is a proper man's picture, but alas! who can converſe with a dumb ſhow? how odly he is ſuited! I think, he bought his doublet in *Italy*, his round hoſe in *France*, his bonnet in *Germany*, and his behaviour every-where.

Ner. What think you of the *Scottiſh* lord, his neighbour?

Por. That he hath a neighbourly charity in him; for he borrowed a box of the ear of the *Engliſhman*, and ſwore he would pay him again, when he was able. I think, the *Frenchman* became his ſurety, and ſealed under for another.

Ner. How like you the young *German*, the Duke of *Saxony*'s nephew?

Por. Very vilely in the morning when he is ſober, and moſt vilely in the afternoon when he is drunk; when he is beſt, he is a little worſe than a man; and when he is worſt, he is little better than a beaſt; and the worſt fall that ever fell, I hope, I ſhall make ſhift to go without him.

Ner. If he ſhould offer to chuſe, and chuſe the right caſket; you ſhould refuſe to perform your father's will, if you ſhould refuſe to accept him.

Por. Therefore, for fear of the worſt, I pray thee, ſet a deep glaſs of *Rheniſh* wine on the contrary caſket; for if the devil be within, and that temptation without, I know, he will chuſe it. I will do any thing, *Neriſſa*, ere I will be marry'd to a ſpunge.

Ner. You need not fear, lady, the having any of theſe lords; they have acquainted me with their determinations, which is, indeed, to return to their home, and to trouble you with no more ſuit; unleſs you may be won by ſome other ſort than your father's impoſition, depending on the caſkets.

Por. If I live to be as old as *Sibylla*, I will die as chaſte as *Diana*, unleſs I be obtain'd by the manner of my father's will: I am glad, this parcel of wooers are ſo reaſonable; for there is not one among them but I doat on his very abſence, and wiſh them a fair departure.

Ner. Do you not remember, lady, in your father's time, a *Venetian*, a ſcholar and a ſoldier, that came hither in company of the Marquis of *Mountferrat*?

Por. Yes, yes, it was *Baſſanio*, as I think, he was ſo call'd.

Ner. True, madam; he, of all the men that ever my fooliſh eyes look'd upon, was the beſt deſerving a fair lady.

Por.

Por. I remember him well, and I remember him worthy of thy praiſe. How now; what news?

Enter a Servant.

Ser. The four ſtrangers ſeek for you, madam, to take their leave; and there is a fore-runner come from a fifth, the prince of *Morocco*, who brings word the prince, his maſter, will be here to night.

Por. If I could bid the fifth welcome with ſo good heart as I can bid the other four farewel, I ſhould be glad of his approach; if he have the condition of a ſaint, and the complexion of a devil, I had rather he ſhould ſhrive me, than wive me. Come, *Neriſſa*, Sirrah, go before; while we ſhut the gate upon one wooer, another knocks at the door. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *a publick Place in* Venice.

Enter Baſſanio *and* Shylock.

Shy. THREE thouſand ducats? well.

Baſſ. Ay, Sir, for three months.

Shy. For three months? well.

Baſſ. For the which, as I told you, *Anthonio* ſhall be bound.

Shy. *Anthonio* ſhall become bound? well.

Baſſ. May you ſtead me? will you pleaſure me? ſhall I know your anſwer?

Shy. Three thouſand ducats for three months, and *Anthonio* bound?

Baſſ. Your anſwer to that.

Shy. *Anthonio* is a good man.

Baſſ. Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?

Shy. No, no, no, no; my meaning, in ſaying he is a good man, is to have you underſtand me, that he is ſufficient: yet his means are in ſuppoſition: he hath an Argoſie bound to *Tripolis*, another to the *Indies*; I underſtand moreover upon the *Ryalto*, he hath a third at *Mexico*, a fourth for *England*; and other ventures he hath ſquander'd abroad. But ſhips are but boards, ſailors but men, there be land-rats, and water-rats, water-thieves

and

and land-thieves; I mean pirates; and then there is the peril of waters, winds and rocks. The man is notwithſtanding ſufficient; three thouſand ducats? I think, I may take his bond.

Baſſ. Be aſſur'd, you may.

Shy. I will be aſſur'd, I may; and that I may be aſſur'd, I will bethink me; may I ſpeak with *Anthonio*?

Baſſ. If it pleaſe you to dine with us.

Shy. Yes, to ſmell pork; to eat of the habitation which your prophet the *Nazarite* conjur'd the devil into? I will buy with you, ſell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and ſo following; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you. What news on the *Ryalto*?——who is he, comes here?

Enter Anthonio.

Baſſ. This is Signior *Anthonio*.

Shy. [*Aſide.*] How like a fawning *Publican* he looks!
I hate him, for he is a chriſtian:
But more, for that in low ſimplicity
He lends out money *gratis*, and brings down
The rate of uſance here with us in *Venice*.
If I can catch him once upon the hip,
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
He hates our ſacred nation; and he rails,
Ev'n there where merchants moſt do congregate,
On me, my bargains, and my well-won thriſt,
Which he calls intereſt. Curſed be my tribe,
If I forgive him!

Baſſ. *Shylock*, do you hear?——

Shy. I am debating of my preſent ſtore,
And by the near gueſs of my memory,
I cannot inſtantly raiſe up the groſs
Of full three thouſand ducats: what of that?
Tubal, a wealthy *Hebrew* of my tribe,
Will furniſh me; but ſoft, how many months
Do you deſire? Reſt you fair, good Signior;
[*To Anth.*
Your worſhip was the laſt man in our mouths.

Anth. *Shylock*, although I neither lend nor borrow
By taking, nor by giving of exceſs,
Yet to ſupply the ripe wants of my friend,

I'll

I'll break a cuſtom.——Is he yet poſſeſt,
How much you would?

Shy. Ay, ay, three thouſand ducats.

Anth. And for three months.

Shy. I had forgot, three months, you told me ſo;
Well then, your bond; and let me ſee,—but hear you,
Methought, you ſaid, you neither lend nor borrow
Upon advantage.

Anth. I do never uſe it.

Shy. When *Jacob* graz'd his uncle *Laban*'s ſheep,
This *Jacob* from our holy *Abraham* was
(As his wiſe mother wrought in his behalf)
The third poſſeſſor; ay, he was the third.

Anth. And what of him? did he take intereſt?

Shy. No, not take int'reſt; not, as you would ſay,
Directly, int'reſt; mark, what *Jacob* did.
When *Laban* and himſelf were compromis'd,
That all the yeanlings, which were ſtreak'd and pied,
Should fall as *Jacob*'s hire, the ewes being rank,
In th' end of autumn turned to the rams;
And when the work of generation was
Between theſe woolly breeders in the act,
The ſkilful ſhepherd peel'd me certain wands,
And, in the doing of the deed of kind,
He ſtuck them up before the fulſome ewes;
Who, then conceiving, did in yeaning time
Fall party-colour'd lambs, and thoſe were *Jacob*'s.
This was a way to thrive, and he was bleſt;
And thrift is bleſſing, if men ſteal it not.

Anth. This was a venture, Sir, that *Jacob* ſerv'd for;
A thing not in his pow'r to bring to paſs,
But ſway'd, and faſhion'd, by the hand of heav'n:
Was this inſerted to make int'reſt good;
Or is your gold, and ſilver, ewes and rams?

Shy. I cannot tell; I make it breed as faſt;
But note me, Signior.

Anth. Mark you this, *Baſſanio*?
The devil can cite ſcripture for his purpoſe.——
An evil ſoul, producing holy witneſs,
Is like a villain with a ſmiling cheek;
A goodly apple rotten at the heart.
O, what a goodly outſide falſhood hath!

Shy.

Shy. Three thousand ducats! 'tis a good round sum.
Three months from twelve, then let me see the rate.
Anth. Well, *Shylock*, shall we be beholden to you?
Shy. Signior *Anthonio*, many a time and oft
In the *Rialto* you have rated me,
About my monies and my usances.
Still have I born it with a patient shrug;
(For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe.)
You call me misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
And spit upon my *Jewish* gaberdine;
And all for use of that, which is my own.
Well, then, it now appears, you need my help:
Go to then; you come to me, and you say
Shylock, we would have monies; you say so;
You that did void your rheume upon my beard,
And foot me, as you spurn a stranger cur
Over your threshold; money is your suit;
What should I say to you? should I not say,
Hath a dog money? is it possible,
A cur can lend three thousand ducats? or
Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key,
With bated breath and whispering humbleness,
Say this,—fair Sir, you spit on me last *Wednesday*,
You spurn'd me such a day; another time
You call'd me dog; and for these curtesies
I'll lend you thus much monies?
Anth. I am as like to call thee so again,
To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too.
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
As to thy friends, (for when did friendship take
A breed of barren metal of his friend?)
But lend it rather to thine enemy;
Who, if he break, thou may'st with better face
Exact the penalty.
Shy. Why, how you storm!
I would be friends with you, and have your love;
Forget the shames that you have stain'd me with;
Supply your present wants, and take no doit
Of usance for my monies, and you'll not hear me:
This is kind I offer.
Anth. This were kindness.
Shy. This kindness will I show.

Go

Go with me to a Notary, ſeal me there
Your ſingle bond; and, in a merry ſport,
If you repay me not on ſuch a day,
In ſuch a place, ſuch ſum, or ſums, as are
Expreſs'd in the condition, let the forfeit
Be nominated for an equal pound
Of your fair fleſh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your body it ſhall pleaſe me.

Anth. Content, in faith; I'll ſeal to ſuch a bond,
And ſay, there is much kindneſs in the *Jew*.

Baſſ. You ſhall not ſeal to ſuch a bond for me,
I'll rather dwell in my neceſſity.

Anth. Why, fear not, man; I will not forfeit it;
Within theſe two months (that's a month before
This bond expires) I do expect return
Of thrice three times the value of this bond.

Shy. O father *Abraham*, what theſe chriſtians are!
Whoſe own hard dealings teach them to ſuſpect
The thoughts of others! pray you, tell me this,
If he ſhould break his day, what ſhould I gain
By the exaction of the forfeiture?
A pound of man's fleſh, taken from a man,
Is not ſo eſtimable or profitable,
As fleſh of muttons, beefs, or goats. I ſay,
To buy this favour, I extend this friendſhip;
If he will take it, ſo; if not, adieu;
And for my love, I pray you, wrong me not.

Anth. Yes, *Shylock*, I will ſeal unto this bond.

Shy. Then meet me forthwith at the Notary's.
Give him direction for this merry bond,
And I will go and purſe the ducats ſtrait;
See to my houſe, left in the fearful guard
Of an unthrifty knave, and preſently
I'll be with you. [*Exit.*

Anth. Hie thee, gentle *Jew*.
This *Hebrew* will turn chriſtian; he grows kind.

Baſſ. I like not fair terms, and a villain's mind.

Anth. Come on, in this there can be no diſmay;
My ſhips come home a month before the day. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT II.

SCENE, *Belmont.*

Enter Morochius, *a Tawny Moor, all in white; and three or four Followers accordingly: with* Portia, Neriſſa, *and her Train. Flo. Cornets.*

MOROCHIUS.

MISLIKE me not for my complexion,
The ſhadow'd livery of the burniſh'd ſun,
To whom I am a neighbour, and near bred.
Bring me the faireſt creature northward born,
Where *Phœbus'* fire ſcarce thaws the iſicles,
And let us make inciſion for your love,
To prove whoſe blood is reddeſt, his or mine.
I tell thee, lady, this aſpect of mine
Hath fear'd the valiant; by my love, I ſwear,
The beſt regarded virgins of our clime
Have lov'd it too: I would not change this hue,
Except to ſteal your thoughts, my gentle Queen.

Por. In terms of choice I am not ſolely led
By nice direction of a maiden's eyes:
Beſides, the lottery of my deſtiny
Bars me the right of voluntary chuſing:
But if my father had not ſcanted me,
And hedg'd me by his wit to yield myſelf
His wife, who wins me by that means I told you;
Your ſelf, renowned Prince, then ſtood as fair,
As any comer I have look'd on yet,
For my affection.

Mor. Ev'n for that I thank you;
Therefore, I pray you, lead me to the caſkets
To try my fortune. By this ſcimitar,
That ſlew the Sophy and a *Perſian* prince,
That won three fields of Sultan *Solyman*,
I would out-ſtare the ſterneſt eyes that look,
Out brave the heart moſt daring on the earth,
Pluck the young ſucking cubs from the ſhe-bear,
Yea, mock the lion when he roars for prey,
To win thee, lady. But, alas, the while!

If

If *Hercules* and *Lichas* play at dice
Which is the better man, the greater throw
May turn by fortune from the weaker hand:
So is *Alcides* beaten by his page;
And so may I, blind fortune leading me,
Miss that, which one unworthier may attain;
And die with grieving.

Por. You must take your chance,
And either not attempt to chuse at all,
Or swear, before you chuse, if you chuse wrong,
Never to speak to lady afterward
In way of marriage; therefore, be advis'd.

Mor. Nor will not; therefore, bring me to my chance.

Por. First, forward to the temple; after dinner
Your hazard shall be made.

Mor. Good fortune then! [*Cornets.*
To make me blest, or cursed'st among men. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Venice.

Enter Launcelot *alone.*

Laun. CErtainly, my conscience will serve me to run from this *Jew* my master. The fiend is at mine elbow, and tempts me, saying to me, *Gobbo*, *Launcelot Gobbo*, good *Launcelot*, or good *Gobbo*, or good *Launcelot Gobbo*, use your legs, take the start, run away. My conscience says no; take heed, honest *Launcelot*; take heed, honest *Gobbo*; or, as aforesaid, honest *Launcelot Gobbo*, do not run; scorn running with thy heels. Well, the most courageous fiend bids me pack; *via!* says the fiend; away! says the fiend; for the heaven's rouse up a brave mind, says the fiend, and run. Well, my conscience, hanging about the neck of my heart, says very wisely to me, my honest friend *Launcelot*, being an honest man's son, or rather an honest woman's son———(for, indeed, my father did something smack, something grow to; he had a kind of taste.) ———well, my conscience says, budge not; budge, says the fiend; budge not, says my conscience; conscience, say I, you counsel ill; fiend, say I, you counsel ill. To be rul'd by my conscience, I should stay

with

with the *Jew* my maſter, who, God bleſs the mark, is a kind of devil; and to run away from the *Jew*, I ſhould be ruled by the fiend, who, ſaving your reverence, is the devil himſelf. Certainly, the *Jew* is the very devil incarnal; and in my conſcience, my conſcience is but a kind of hard conſcience, to offer to counſel me to ſtay with the *Jew*. The fiend gives the more friendly counſel; I will run, fiend, my heels are at your commandment, I will run.

Enter old Gobbo, *with a baſket.*

Gob. Maſter, young man, you, I pray you, which is the way to maſter *Jew*'s?

Laun. O heaven's, this is my true begotten father, who being more than ſand-blind, high gravel-blind, knows me not; I will try confuſions with him.

Gob. Maſter young gentleman, I pray you, which is the way to maſter *Jew*'s?

Laun. Turn up on your right-hand at the next turning, but, at the next turning of all, on your left; marry, at the very next turning turn of no hand, but turn down indirectly to the *Jew*'s Houſe.

Gob. By God's ſonties, 'twill be a hard way to hit; can you tell me whether one *Launcelot*, that dwells with him, dwell with him or no?

Laun. Talk you of young maſter *Launcelot?* (mark me now, now I will raiſe the waters;) talk you of young maſter *Launcelot?*

Gob. No maſter, ſir, but a poor man's ſon. His father, though I ſay't, is an honeſt exceeding poor man, and, God be thanked, well to live.

Laun. Well, let his father be what he will, we talk of young maſter *Launcelot.*

Gob. Your worſhip's friend and *Launcelot*, ſir.

Laun. But, I pray you *ergo*, old man; *ergo* I beſeech you, talk you of young maſter *Launcelot?*

Gob. Of *Launcelot*, an't pleaſe your maſterſhip?

Laun. Ergo, maſter *Launcelot*; talk not of maſter *Launcelot*, father, for the young gentleman (according to fates and deſtinies, and ſuch odd ſayings, the ſiſters three, and ſuch branches of learning) is, indeed, deceaſed;

ceaſed; or, as you would ſay, in plain terms, gone to heav'n.

Gob. Marry, God forbid! the boy was the very ſtaff of my age, my very prop.

Laun. Do I look like a cudgel, or a hovel-poſt, a ſtaff or a prop? do you know me, father?

Gob. Alack the day, I know you not, young gentleman; but, I pray you, tell me, is my boy, God reſt his ſoul, alive or dead?

Laun. Do you not know me, father?

Gob. Alack, ſir, I am ſand-blind, I know you not.

Laun. Nay, indeed, if you had your eyes, you might fail of the knowing me; it is a wiſe father that knows his own child. Well, old man, I will tell you news of your ſon; give me your bleſſing, truth will come to light; murder cannot be hid long, a man's ſon may; but, in the end, truth will out.

Gob. Pray you, ſir, ſtand up; I am ſure, you are not *Launcelot*, my boy.

Laun. Pray you, let's have no more fooling about it, but give me your bleſſing; I am *Launcelot*, your boy, that was, your ſon that is, your child that ſhall be.

Gob. I cannot think you are my ſon.

Laun. I know not, what I ſhall think of that: but I am *Launcelot* the *Jew*'s man, and, I am ſure, *Margery* your wife is my mother.

Gob. Her name is *Margery*, indeed, I'll be ſworn, if thou be *Launcelot*, thou art my own fleſh and blood: lord worſhipp'd might he be! what a beard haſt thou got! thou haſt got more hair on thy chin, than *Dobbin* my Thill-horſe has on his tail.

Laun. It ſhould ſeem then that *Dobbin*'s tail grows backward; I am ſure he had more hair on his tail, than I have on my face, when I laſt ſaw him.

Gob. Lord, how art thou chang'd! how doſt thou and thy maſter agree? I have brought him a preſent; how agree you now?

Laun. Well, well, but for mine own part, as I have ſet up my reſt to run away, ſo I will not reſt till I have run ſome ground. My maſter's a very *Jew*: give him a preſent! give him a halter: I am famiſh'd in his ſervice. You may tell every finger I have with my ribs. Father

I am

I am glad you are come, give me your preſent to one maſter *Baſſanio*, who indeed, gives rare new liveries; if I ſerve him not, I will run as far as God has any ground. O rare fortune, here comes the man; to him, father, for I am a *Jew* if I ſerve the *Jew* any longer.

Enter Baſſanio *with* Leonardo, *and a follower or two more.*

Baſſ. You may do ſo; but let it be ſo haſted, that ſupper be ready at the fartheſt by five of the clock: ſee theſe letters deliver'd, put the liveries to making, and deſire *Gratiano* to come anon to my lodging.

Laun. To him, father.

Gob. God bleſs your worſhip!

Baſſ. Gramercy, would'ſt thou aught with me?

Gob. Here's my ſon, ſir, a poor boy,———

Laun. Not a poor boy, ſir, but the rich *Jew*'s man, that would, ſir, as my father ſhall ſpecify.

Gob. He hath a great Infection, ſir, as one would ſay, to ſerve.

Laun. Indeed, the ſhort and the long is, I ſerve the *Jew*, and have a deſire, as my father ſhall ſpecify.

Gob. His maſter and he, ſaving your worſhip's reverence are ſcarce cater-couſins.

Laun. To be brief, the very truth is, that the *Jew* having done me wrong, doth cauſe me, as my father, being I hope an old man, ſhall frutify unto you.

Gob. I have here a diſh of doves, that I would beſtow upon your worſhip, and my ſuit is———

Laun. In very brief, the ſuit is impertinent to my ſelf, as your worſhip ſhall know by this honeſt old man; and though I ſay it, though old man, yet poor man my father.

Baſſ. One ſpeak for both, what would you?

Laun. Serve you, ſir.

Gob. This is the very defect of the matter, ſir,

Baſſ. I know thee well, thou haſt obtain'd thy ſuit;
Shylock, thy maſter, ſpoke with me this day,
And hath prefer'd thee; if it be preferment
To leave a rich *Jew*'s ſervice to become
The follower of ſo poor a gentleman.

Laun.

Laun. The old proverb is very well parted between my maſter *Shylock* and you, ſir; you have the grace of God, ſir, and he hath enough.

Baſſ. Thou ſpeak'ſt it well; go, father with thy ſon. Take leave of thy old maſter, and enquire
My lodging out; give him a livery,
More guarded than his fellows: ſee it done.

Laun. Father, in; I cannot get a ſervice, no? I have ne'er a tongue in my head? well, if any man in *Italy* have a fairer table, which doth promiſe good luck, I am miſtaken. I durſt almoſt offer to ſwear upon a book, I ſhall have good fortune; go to, here's a ſimple line of life; here's a ſmall triſle of wives; alas, fifteen wives is nothing, eleven widows and nine maids is a ſimple coming in for one man! and then to ſcape drowning thrice, and to be in peril of my life with the edge of a feather bed, here are ſimple 'ſcapes! well, if fortune be a woman, ſhe's a good wench for this geer. Father, come; I'll take my leave of the *Jew* in the twinkling of an eye.

[*Ex.* Laun. *and* Gob.

Baſſ. I pray thee, good *Leonardo*, think on this,
Theſe things being bought and orderly beſtowed,
Return in haſte, for I do feaſt to night
My beſt eſteem'd acquaintance; hie thee, go.

Leon. My beſt endeavours ſhall be done herein.

Enter Gratiano.

Gra. Where is your maſter?

Leon. Yonder, Sir, he walks; [*Ex.* Leonardo.

Gra. Signior *Baſſanio*,——

Baſſ. Gratiano!

Gra. I have a ſuit to you.

Baſſ. You have obtain'd it.

Gra. You muſt not deny me, I muſt go with you to *Belmont*.

Baſſ. Why, then you muſt: but hear thee, *Gratiano*,
Thou art too wild, too rude, and bold of voice;
Parts, that become thee happily enough,
And in ſuch eyes as ours appear not faults;
But where thou art not known, why, there they ſhew
Something too liberal; pray thee, take pain
T' allay with ſome cold drops of modeſty
Thy ſkipping ſpirit; leſt through thy wild behaviour,

I be

I be miſconſtru'd in the place I go to,
And loſe my hopes.

Gra. Signior *Baſſanio*, hear me.
If I do not put on a ſober habit,
Talk with reſpect, and ſwear but now and then,
Wear prayer books in my pockets, look demurely;
Nay more, while grace is ſaying, hood mine eyes
Thus with my hat, and ſigh and ſay, Amen;
Uſe all th' obſervance of civility,
Like one well ſtudied in a ſad oſtent
To pleaſe his grandam; never truſt me more.

Baſſ. Well, we ſhall ſee your bearing.

Gra. Nay, but I bar to-night, you ſhall not gage me
By what we do to-night.

Baſſ. No, that were pity.
I would entreat you rather to put on
Your boldeſt ſuit of mirth, for we have friends
That purpoſe merriment: but fare you well,
I have ſome buſineſs.

Gra. And I muſt to *Lorenzo* and the reſt:
But we will viſit you at ſupper-time. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Shylock's *houſe.*

Enter Jeſſica *and* Launcelot.

Jeſ. I'M ſorry, thou wilt leave my father ſo;
Our houſe is hell, and thou, a merry devil,
Didſt rob it of ſome taſte of tedioufneſs;
But fare thee well, there is a ducate for thee.
And *Launcelot*, ſoon at ſupper ſhalt thou ſee
Lorenzo, who is thy new maſter's gueſt;
Give him this letter, do it ſecretly,
And ſo farewel: I would not have my father
See me talk with thee.

Laun. Adieu; tears exhibit my tongue; moſt beautiful Pagan, moſt ſweet *Jew!* if a chriſtian did not play the knave and get thee, I am much deceiv'd; but adieu! theſe fooliſh drops do ſomewhat drown my manly ſpirit; adieu! [*Exit.*

Jeſ. Farewel, good *Launcelot*,
Alack, what heinous ſin is it in me,
To be aſham'd to be my father's child? But

But though I am a daughter to his blood,
I am not to his manners: O *Lorenzo*,
If thou keep promiſe, I ſhall end this ſtrife,
Become a chriſtian, and thy loving wife. [*Exit.*

SCENE, *the Street.*

Enter Gratiano, Lorenzo, Salarino, *and* Salanio.

Lor. NAY, we will ſlink away in ſupper-time, diſguiſe us at my lodging, and return all in an hour.

Gra. We have not made good preparation.

Sal. We have not ſpoke us yet of torch-bearers.

Sola. 'Tis vile, unleſs it may be quaintly ordered,
And better in my mind not undertook.

Lor. 'Tis now but four o'clock, we have two hours
To furniſh us. Friend *Launcelot*, what's the news?

Enter Launcelot, *with a Letter.*

Laun. An' it ſhall pleaſe you to break up this, it ſhall ſeem to ſignify.

Lor. I know the hand; in faith, 'tis a fair hand;
And whiter than the paper, it writ on,
Is the fair hand that writ.

Gra. Love-news, in faith.

Laun. By your leave, Sir.

Lor. Whither goeſt thou?

Laun. Marry, Sir, to bid my old maſter the *Jew* to ſup to-night with my new maſter the chriſtian.

Lor. Hold, here, take this; tell gentle *Jeſſica*,
I will not fail her; ſpeak it privately.
Go.——Gentlemen, will you prepare for this maſque to-night?
I am provided of a torch-bearer. *Exit* Laun.

Sal. Ay, marry, I'll be gone about it ſtrait.

Sola. And ſo will I.

Lor. Meet me, and *Gratiano*,
At *Gratiano*'s lodging ſome hour hence.

Sal. 'Tis good we do ſo. [*Exit.*

Gra. Was not that Letter from fair *Jeſſica*?

Lor.

Lor. I muſt needs tell thee all; ſhe hath directed,
How I ſhall take her from her father's houſe;
What Gold and Jewels ſhe is furniſh'd with;
What page's ſuit ſhe hath in readineſs.
If e'er the *Jew* her father come to heav'n,
It will be for his gentle daughter's ſake:
And never dare misfortune croſs her foot,
Unleſs ſhe do it under this excuſe,
That ſhe is iſſue to a faithleſs *Jew*.
Come, go with me; peruſe this, as thou goeſt;
Fair *Jeſſica* ſhall be my torch-bearer. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, Shylock's *Houſe*.

Enter Shylock *and* Launcelot.

Shy. WELL, thou ſhalt ſee, thy eyes ſhall be thy judge,
The difference of old *Shylock* and *Baſſanio*.
What, *Jeſſica!*——thou ſhalt not gormandize,
As thou haſt done with me——what, *Jeſſica!*——
And ſleep and ſnore, and rend apparel out.
Why, *Jeſſica!* I ſay.

Laun. Why, *Jeſſica!*

Shy. Who bids thee call? I did not bid thee call.

Laun. Your worſhip was wont to tell me, that I could do nothing without bidding.

Enter Jeſſica.

Jeſ. Call you? what is your will?

Shy. I am bid forth to ſupper, *Jeſſica*;
There are my keys: but wherefore ſhould I go?
I am not bid for love; they flatter me:
But yet I'll go in hate, to feed upon
The prodigal chriſtian. *Jeſſica*, my girl,
Look to my houſe; I am right loth to go;
There is ſome ill a brewing towards my reſt,
For I did dream of money-bags to-night.

Laun. I beſeech you, Sir, go; my young maſter doth expect your reproach.

Shy. So do I his.

Laun.

Laun. And they have conſpir'd together, I will not ſay, you ſhall ſee a maſque; but if you do, then it was not for nothing that my noſe fell a bleeding on black monday laſt, at ſix a-clock i'th' morning, falling out that year on Aſh wedneſday was four year in the afternoon.

Shy. What! are there maſques? hear you me, *Jeſſica*,
Lock up my doors; and when you hear the drum,
And the vile ſqueaking of the wry-neck'd fife,
Clamber not you up to the caſements then,
Nor thruſt your head into the publick ſtreet,
To gaze on chriſtian fools with varniſh'd faces:
But ſtop my houſe's ears, I mean, my caſements;
Let not the ſound of ſhallow foppery enter
My ſober houſe. By *Jacob's* ſtaff, I ſwear,
I have no mind of feaſting forth to-night:
But I will go; go you before me, ſirrah:
Say, I will come.

Laun. I will go before, Sir.
Miſtreſs, look out at window, for all this;
There will come a chriſtian by,
Will be worth a *Jeweſs'* eye. [*Exit* Laun.

Shy. What ſays that fool of *Hagar's* off-ſpring? ha.

Jeſ. His words were, farewel, miſtreſs; nothing elſe.

Shy. The patch is kind enough, but a huge feeder:
Snail-ſlow in profit, but he ſleeps by day
More than the wild cat; drones hive not with me,
Therefore, I part with him; and part with him
To one, that I would have him help to waſte
His borrow'd purſe. Well, *Jeſſica*, go in;
Perhaps, I will return immediately;
Do as I bid you.——
Shut the doors after you; *faſt bind, faſt find*;
A proverb never ſtale in thrifty mind. [*Exit.*

Jeſ. Farewel; and if my fortune be not croſt,
I have a father, you a daughter loſt. [*Exit.*

SCENE, *the Street.*

Enter Gratiano *and* Salanio *in maſquerade.*

Gra. This is the pent-houſe, under which *Lorenzo* deſired us to make a ſtand.

Sal. His hour is almoſt paſt.

Gra. And it is marvel he out dwells his hour,
For lovers ever run before the clock.

Sal. O, ten times faſter *Venus'* widgeons fly
To ſeal love's bonds new made, than they are wont
To keep obliged faith unforfeited!

Gra. That ever holds. Who riſeth from a feaſt,
With that keen appetite that he ſits down?
Where is the horſe, that doth untread again
His tedious meaſures with th' unbated fire,
That he did pace them firſt? all things that are,
Are with more ſpirit chaſed than enjoy'd.
How like a younker, or a prodigal,
The ſkarfed bark put from her native bay,
Hugg'd and embraced by the ſtrumpet wind!
How like the prodigal doth ſhe return,
With over-weather'd ribs and ragged ſails,
Lean, rent, and beggar'd by the ſtrumpet wind!

Enter Lorenzo.

Sal. Here comes *Lorenzo*: more of this hereafter.

Lor. Sweet friends, your patience for my long abode;
Not I, but my affairs have made you wait;
When you ſhall pleaſe to play the thieves for wives,
I'll watch as long for you then; come, approach;
Here dwells my father *Jew*. Hoa, who's within?

Jeſſica *above, in boy's cloaths.*

Jeſ. Who are you? tell me for more certainty,
Albeit I'll ſwear, that I do know your tongue.

Lor. *Lorenzo*, and thy love.

Jeſ. *Lorenzo* certain, and my love, indeed;
For who love I ſo much? and now who knows,
But you, *Lorenzo*, whether I am yours?

Lor. Heav'n and thy thoughts are witneſs, that thou art.

Jeſ.

Jeſ. Here, catch this caſket, it is worth the pains.
I'm glad, 'tis night, you do not look on me;
For I am much aſham'd of my exchange;
But love is blind, and lovers cannot ſee
The pretty follies that themſelves commit;
For if they could, *Cupid* himſelf would bluſh
To ſee me thus transformed to a boy.

Lor. Deſcend, for you muſt be my torch-bearer.

Jeſ. What, muſt I hold a candle to my ſhames?
They in themſelves, goodſooth, are too too light.
Why, 'tis an office of diſcovery, love,
And I ſhould be obſcur'd.

Lor. So are you, ſweet,
Ev'n in the lovely garniſh of a boy.
But come at once———
For the cloſe night doth play the run-away,
And we are ſtaid for at *Baſſanio*'s feaſt.

Jeſ. I will make faſt the doors, and gild myſelf
With ſome more ducats, and be with you ſtrait.
[*Exit from above.*

Gra. Now by my hood, a Gentile, and no *Jew.*

Lor. Beſhrew me, but I love her heartily;
For ſhe is wiſe, if I can judge of her;
And fair ſhe is, if that mine eyes be true;
And true ſhe is, as ſhe hath prov'd her ſelf;
And therefore like herſelf, wiſe, fair, and true,
Shall ſhe be placed in my conſtant ſoul.

Enter Jeſſica, *to them.*

What, art thou come? on, gentlemen, away;
Our maſquing mates by this time for us ſtay. [*Exit.*

Enter Anthonio.

Anth. Who's there?

Gra. Signior *Anthonio,*———

Anth. Fie, *Gratiano,* where are all the reſt?
'Tis nine o'clock, our friends all ſtay for you;
No maſque to-night; the wind is come about,
Baſſanio preſently will go aboard;
I have ſent twenty out to ſeek for you.

Gra. I'm glad on't; I deſire no more delight
Than to be under ſail and gone to-night. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Belmont.

Enter Portia *with* Morochius, *and both their trains.*

Por. GO, draw aside the curtains, and discover
The several caskets to this noble Prince.
Now make your choice. [*Three caskets are discover'd.*
Mor. The first of gold, which this inscription bears,
Who chuseth me, shall gain what many men desire.
The second silver, which this promise carries,
Who chuseth me, shall get as much as he deserves.
The third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt,
Who chuseth me, must give and hazard all he hath.
How shall I know, if I do chuse the right?
Por. The one of them contains my picture, Prince;
If you chuse that, then I am yours withal.
Mor. Some God direct my judgment! let me see,
I will survey th' inscriptions back again;
What says this leaden casket?
Who chuseth me, must give and hazard all he hath.
Must give, for what? for lead? hazard for lead?
This casket threatens. Men, that hazard all
Do it in hope of fair advantages:
A golden mind stoops not to shows of dross;
I'll then not give, nor hazard, ought for lead.
What says the silver, with her virgin hue?
Who chuseth me, shall get as much as he deserves.
As much as he deserves? pause there, *Morochius*;
And weigh thy value with an even hand.
If thou be'st rated by thy estimation,
Thou dost deserve enough; and yet enough
May not extend so far as to the lady;
And yet to be afraid of my deserving,
Were but a weak disabling of my self.
As much as I deserve?——why, that's the lady:
I do in birth deserve her, and in fortunes,
In graces, and in qualities of breeding:
But more than these, in love I do deserve.
What if I stray'd no farther, but chose here?
Let's see once more this saying grav'd in gold.
Who chuseth me, shall gain what many men desire.

Why

Why that's the lady, all the world desires her;
From the four corners of the earth they come
To kiss this shrine, this mortal breathing saint.
Th' *Hyrcanian* deserts, and the vastie wilds
Of wide *Arabia*, are as thorough-fares now,
For Princes to come view fair *Portia*.
The wat'ry kingdom, whose ambitious head
Spits in the face of heaven, is no bar
To stop the foreign spirits; but they come
As o'er a brook, to see fair *Portia*.
One of these three contains her heav'nly picture.
Is't like, that lead contains her? 'twere damnation,
To think so base a thought: it were too gross
To rib her cearcloth in the obscure grave.
Or shall I think, in silver she's immur'd,
Being ten times undervalu'd to try'd gold?
O sinful thought, never so rich a gem
Was set in worse than gold! they have in *England*
A coin, that bears the figure of an angel
Stamped in gold, but that's insculpt upon:
But here an angel in a golden bed
Lyes all within. Deliver me the key;
Here do I chuse, and thrive I as I may!

Por. There take it, Prince, and if my form lye there,
Then I am yours. [*Unlocking the gold casket.*

Mor. O hell! what have we here? a carrion death,
Within whose empty eye there is a scrowl:
I'll read the writing.

All that glisters is not gold,
Often have you heard that told,
Many a man his life hath sold,
But my outside to behold.
Gilded wood may worms infold:
Had you been as wise as bold,
Young in limbs, in judgment old,
Your answer had not been inscrol'd;
Fare you well, your suit is cold.

Mor. Cold indeed, and labour lost:
Then farewel, heat; and welcome, frost:
Portia, adieu; I have too griev'd a heart
To take a tedious leave: thus losers part. [*Exit.*

Por. A gentle riddance: draw the curtains; go——
Let all of his complexion chuſe me ſo. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Venice.

Enter Solarino *and* Salanio.

Sal. WHY, man, I ſaw *Baſſanio* under ſail;
With him is *Gratiano* gone along;
And in their ſhip, I'm ſure, *Lorenzo* is not.
Sola. The villain *Jew* with outcries rais'd the Duke,
Who went with him to ſearch *Baſſanio*'s ſhip.
Sal. He came too late, the ſhip was under ſail;
But there the Duke was given to underſtand,
That in a *Gondola* were ſeen together
Lorenzo and his am'rous *Jeſſica*.
Beſides, *Anthonio* certify'd the Duke,
They were not with *Baſſanio* in his ſhip.
Sola. I never heard a paſſion ſo confus'd,
So ſtrange, outrageous, and ſo variable,
As the dog *Jew* did utter in the ſtreets;
My daughter! O my ducats! O my daughter!
Fled with a chriſtian? O my chriſtian ducats!
Juſtice, the law, my ducats, and my daughter!
A ſealed bag, two ſealed bags of ducats,
Of double ducats, ſtol'n from me by my daughter!
And jewels, two ſtones, rich and precious ſtones,
Stol'n by my daughter! juſtice! find the girl!
She hath the ſtones upon her, and the ducats.
Sal. Why, all the boys in *Venice* follow him,
Crying his ſtones, his daughter and his ducats.
Sola. Let good *Anthonio* look, he keep his day;
Or he ſhall pay for this.
Sal. Marry, well remember'd.
I reaſon'd with a *Frenchman* yeſterday,
Who told me in the narrow ſeas, that part
The *French* and *Engliſh*, there miſcarried
A veſſel of our country richly fraught:
I thought upon *Anthonio*, when he told me,
And wiſh'd in ſilence, that it were not his.
Sola. You were beſt to tell *Anthonio* what you hear,
Yet do not ſuddenly, for it may grieve him.

Sal.

Sal. A kinder gentleman treads not the earth.
I ſaw *Baſſanio* and *Anthonio* part.
Baſſanio told him, he would make ſome ſpeed
Of his return: he anſwer'd, do not ſo,
Slubber not buſineſs for my ſake, *Baſſanio*,
But ſtay the very riping of the time;
And for the *Jew*'s bond, which he hath of me,
Let it not enter in your mind of love:
Be merry, and employ your chiefeſt thoughts
To courtſhip, and ſuch fair oſtents of love,
As ſhall conveniently become you there.
And even there, his eye being big with tears,
Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,
And with affection wond'rous ſenſible
He wrung *Baſſanio*'s hand, and ſo they parted.
Sola. I think, he only loves the world for him.
I pray thee, let us go and find him out,
And quicken his embraced heavineſs
With ſome delight or other.
Sal. Do we ſo. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *changes to* Belmont.

Enter Neriſſa *with a Servant.*

Ner. QUICK, quick, I pray thee, draw the curtain ſtrait;
The Prince of *Arragon* has ta'en his oath,
And comes to his election preſently.

Enter Arragon, *his train*, Portia. *Flor. Cornets.*
The Caſkets are diſcover'd.

Por. Behold, there ſtand the caſkets, noble Prince;
If you chuſe that, wherein I am contain'd,
Strait ſhall our nuptial rites be ſolemniz'd:
But if you fail, without more ſpeech, my lord,
You muſt be gone from hence immediately.
Ar. I am enjoin'd by oath t' obſerve three things;
Firſt, never to unfold to any one
Which caſket 'twas I choſe; next if I fail
Of the right caſket, never in my life
To woo a maid in way of marriage:

Laſt if I fail in fortune of my choice,
Immediately to leave you and be gone.
Por. To theſe injunctions every one doth ſwear,
That comes to hazard for my worthleſs ſelf.
Ar. And ſo have I addreſt me; fortune now
To my heart's hope! gold, ſilver, and baſe lead.
Who chuſeth me, muſt give and hazard all he hath.
You ſhall look fairer, ere I give or hazard.
What ſays the golden cheſt? ha, let me ſee;
Who chuſeth me, ſhall gain what many men deſire.
What many men deſire——that may be meant
Of the fool-multitude, that chuſe by ſhow,
Not learning more than the fond eye doth teach;
Which pry not into th' interior, but like the martlet
Builds in the weather on the outward wall,
Ev'n in the force and road of caſualty.
I will not chuſe what many men deſire,
Becauſe I will not jump with common ſpirits,
And rank me with the barb'rous multitudes.
Why then to thee, thou ſilver treaſure-houſe:
Tell me once more, what title thou doſt bear.
Who chuſeth me, ſhall get as much as he deſerves.
And well ſaid too, for who ſhall go about
To couzen fortune, and be honourable
Without the ſtamp of merit? let none preſume
To wear an undeſerved dignity:
O that eſtates, degrees, and offices,
Were not deriv'd corruptly, that clear honour
Were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer!
How many then ſhould cover, that ſtand bare?
How many be commanded that command?
How much low peaſantry would then be gleaned
From the true ſeed of honour; how much honour
Pickt from the chaff and ruin of the times,
To be new varniſh'd? well, but to my choice:
Who chuſeth me, ſhall get as much as he deſerves:
I will aſſume deſert; give me a key for this,
And inſtantly unlock my fortunes here.
Por. Too long a pauſe for that which you find there.
[*Unlocking the ſilver caſket.*
Ar. What's here! the portrait of a blinking idiot,
Preſenting me a ſchedule? I will read it:
How

How much unlike art thou to *Portia*?
How much unlike my hopes and my deservings?
Who chuseth me, shall have as much as he deserves.
Did I deserve no more than a fool's head?
Is that my prize? are my deserts no better?

Por. To offend, and judge, are distinct offices,
And of opposed natures.

Ar. What is here?

The fire seven times tried this;
Seven times tried that judgment is,
That did never chuse amiss.
Some there be, that shadows kiss;
Such have but a shadow's bliss:
There be fools alive, I wis,
Silver'd o'er, and so was this:
Take what wife you will to bed,
I will ever be your head:
So be gone, Sir, you are sped.

Ar. Still more fool I shall appear,
By the time I linger here:
With one fool's head I came to woo,
But I go away with two.
Sweet adieu! I'll keep my oath,
Patiently to bear my wroth. [*Exit.*

Por. Thus hath the candle sing'd the moth:
O these deliberate fools! when they do chuse,
They have the wisdom by their wit to lose.

Ner. The antient saying is no heresy,
Hanging and wiving goes by destiny.

Por. Come, draw the curtain, *Nerissa*.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Where is my lady?

Por. Here, what would my lord?

Serv. Madam, there is alighted at your gate
A young *Venetian*; one that comes before
To signify th' approaching of his lord,
From whom he bringeth sensible regrets;
To wit, besides commends and courteous breath,
Gifts of rich value; yet I have not seen
So likely an ambassador of love.

A day in *April* never came ſo ſweet,
To ſhow how coſtly ſummer was at hand,
As this fore-ſpurrer comes before his lord.

Por. No more, I pray thee; I am half afraid,
Thou'lt ſay anon, he is ſome kin to thee;
Thou ſpend'ſt ſuch high-day wit in praiſing him:
Come, come, *Neriſſa*, for I long to ſee
Quick *Cupid*'s poſt, that comes ſo mannerly.

Ner. Baſſanio, lord love, if thy will it be!

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE, *a Street in* Venice.

Enter Salanio *and* Solarino.

SOLARINO.

NOW, what news on the *Ryalto*?

Sal. Why yet it lives there uncheckt, that *Anthonio* hath a ſhip of rich lading wrackt on the narrow ſeas; the *Godwins*, I think, they call the place; a very dangerous flat and fatal, where the carcaſes of many a tall ſhip lye bury'd, as they ſay, if my goſſip *Report* be an honeſt woman of her word.

Sola. I would ſhe were as lying a goſſip in that, as ever knapt ginger; or made her neighbours believe, ſhe wept for the death of a third huſband. But it is true, without any ſlips of prolixity, or croſſing the plain high-way of talk, that the good *Anthonio*, the honeſt *Anthonio*——— O that I had a title good enough to keep his name company!

Sal. Come, the full ſtop.

Sola. Ha, what ſay'ſt thou? why the end is, he hath loſt a ſhip.

Sal. I would it might prove the end of his loſſes.

Sola. Let me ſay *Amen* betimes, leſt the devil croſs thy prayer, for here he comes in the likeneſs of a *Jew*. How now, *Shylock*, what news among the merchants.

Enter

Enter Shylock.

Shy. You knew (none ſo well, none ſo well as you) of my daughter's flight.

Sal. That's certain; I, for my part, knew the taylor that made the wings ſhe flew withal.

Sola. And *Shylock*, for his own part, knew the bird was fledg'd, and then it is the complection of them all to leave the dam.

Shy. She is damn'd for it.

Sal. That's certain, if the devil may be her judge.

Shy. My own fleſh and blood to rebel!

Sola. Out upon it, old carrion, rebels it at theſe years?

Shy. I ſay, my daughter is my fleſh and blood.

Sal. There is more difference between thy fleſh and hers, than between jet and ivory; more between your bloods, than there is between red wine and rheniſh: but tell us, do you hear, whether *Anthonio* have had any loſs at ſea or no?

Shy. There I have another bad match; a bankrupt, a prodigal, who dares ſcarce ſhew his head on the *Ryalto*; a beggar, that us'd to come ſo ſmug upon the mart! let him look to his bond; he was wont to call me uſurer; let him look to his bond; he was wont to lend money for a chriſtian courteſie, let him look to his bond.

Sal. Why, I am ſure, if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his fleſh: what's that good for.

Shy. To bait fiſh withal. If it will feed nothing elſe it will feed my revenge; he hath digrac'd me, and hinder'd me half a million, laught at my loſſes, mockt at my gains, ſcorn'd my nation, thwarted my bargains, cool'd my friends, heated mine enemies; and what's his reaſon? I am a *Jew*. Hath not a *Jew* eyes? hath not a *Jew* hands, organs, dimenſions, ſenſes, affections, paſſions? fed with the ſame food, hurt with the ſame weapons, ſubject to the ſame diſeaſes, heal'd by the ſame means, warm'd and cool'd by the ſame winter and ſummer, as a chriſtian is? if you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poiſon us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, ſhall we not revenge?

revenge? if we are like you in the reſt, we will reſemble you in that. If a *Jew* wrong a chriſtian, what is his humility? Revenge. If a chriſtian wrong a *Jew*, what ſhould his ſufferance be by chriſtian example? why, Revenge. The villainy you teach me, I will execute; and it ſhall go hard, but I will better the inſtruction.

Enter a Servant from Anthonio.

Ser. Gentlemen, my maſter *Anthonio* is at his houſe, and deſires to ſpeak with you both.

Sal. We have been up and down to ſeek him.

Enter Tubal.

Sola. Here comes another of the tribe; a third cannot be match'd unleſs the devil himſelf turn *Jew*.

[*Exeunt* Sala. *and* Solar.

Shy. How now, *Tubal*, what news from *Genoua*? haſt thou found my daughter?

Tub. I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her.

Shy. Why there, there, there, there! a diamond gone, coſt me two thouſand ducats in *Frankfort*! the curſe never fell upon our nation 'till now, I never felt it 'till now; two thouſand ducats in that, and other precious, precious jewels! I would, my daughter were dead at my foot, and the Jewels in her ear. O, would ſhe were hers'd at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin. No news of them; why ſo! and I know not what's ſpent in the ſearch: why, thou loſs upon loſs! the thief gone with ſo much, and ſo much to find the thief; and no ſatisfaction, no revenge, nor no ill luck ſtirring, but what lights o' my ſhoulders; no ſighs but o'my breathing, no tears but o'my ſhedding.

Tub. Yes, other men have ill luck too; *Anthonio*, as I heard in *Genoua*——

Shy. What, what, what? ill luck, ill luck?

Tub. Hath an Argoſie caſt away, coming faom *Tripolis*.

Shy. I thank God, I thank God; is it true? is it true?

Tub.

Tub. I ſpoke wtth ſome of the ſailors that eſcaped the wreck.

Shy. I thank thee, good *Tubal*; good news, good news; ha, ha, where? in *Genoua*?

Tub. Your daughter ſpent in *Genoua*, as I heard, one night, fourſcore ducats.

Shy. Thou ſtick'ſt a dagger in me; I ſhall never ſee my gold again; fourſcore ducats at a ſitting, fourſcore ducats!

Tub. There came divers of *Anthonio*'s creditors in my company to *Venice*, that ſwear he cannot chuſe but break.

Shy. I am glad of it, i'll plague him, i'll torture him; I am glad of it.

Tub. One of them ſhew'd me a ring, that he had of your daughter for a monky.

Shy. Out upon her! thou tortureſt me, *Tubal*; it was my *Turquoiſe*, I had it of *Leah* when I was a batchelor; I would not have given it for a wilderneſs of monkies.

Tub. But *Anthonio* is certainly undone.

Shy. Nay, that's true, that's very true; go ſee me an officer, beſpeak him a fortnight before. I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit; for were he out of *Venice*, I can make what merchandize I will: go, go, *Tubal*, and meet me at our ſynagogue; go, good *Tubal*, at our ſynagogue, *Tubal*. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, changes to *Belmont*.

Enter Baſſanio, Portia, Gratiano, *and attendants. The Caſkets are ſet out.*

Por. I Pray you, tarry, pauſe a day or two,
Before you hazard; for in chuſing wrong
I loſe your company; therefore, forbear a while.
There's ſomething tells me (but it is not love)
I would not loſe you; and you know yourſelf,
Hate counſels not in ſuch a quality.
But leſt you ſhould not underſtand me well,
And yet a maiden hath no tongue but thought,
I would detain you here ſome month or two,

Before

Before you venture for me. I could teach you
How to chuſe right, but I am then forſworn:
So will I never be; ſo may you miſs me;
But if you do, you'll make me wiſh a ſin,
That I had been forſworn. Beſhrew your eyes,
They have o'erlook'd me and divided me;
One half of me is yours, the other half yours,
Mine own, I would ſay; but if mine, then yours;
And ſo all yours. Alas! theſe naughty times
Put bars petween the owners and their rights:
And ſo tho' yours, not yours; prove it ſo,
Let fortune go to hell for it, not I.
I ſpeak too long, but 'tis to piece the time,
To eche it, and to draw it out in length,
To ſtay you from election.

Baſſ. Let me chuſe:
For as I am, I live upon the rack.

Por. Upon the rack, *Baſſanio?* then confeſs,
What treaſon there is mingled with your love.

Baſſ. None, but that ugly treaſon of miſtruſt,
Which makes me fear th' enjoying of my love:
There may as well be amity and life
'Tween ſnow and fire, as treaſon and my love.

Por. Ay, but, I fear, you ſpeak upon the rack;
Where men enforced do ſpeak any thing.

Baſſ. Promiſe me life, and I'll confeſs the truth.

Por. Well then, confeſs and live.

Baſſ. Confeſs, and love,
Had been the very ſum of my confeſſion.
O happy torment, when my torturer
Doth teach me anſwers for deliverance!
But let me to my fortune and the caſkets.

Por. Away then! I am lockt in one of them;
If you do love me, you will find me out.
Neriſſa, and the reſt, ſtand all aloof,
Let muſick ſound, while he doth make his choice;
Then, if he loſe, he makes a ſwan-like end,
Fading in muſick. That the compariſon
May ſtand more juſt, my eye ſhall be the ſtream
And wat'ry death-bed for him: he may win,
And what is muſick then? then muſick is
Even as the flouriſh, when true ſubjects bow

To

To a new-crowned monarch: ſuch it is,
As are thoſe dulcet ſounds in break of day,
That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear,
And ſummon him to marriage. Now he goes,
With no leſs preſence, but with much more love,
Than young *Alcides*, when he did redeem
The virgin-tribute, paid by howling *Troy*
To the ſea-monſter: I ſtand for ſacrifice;
The reſt aloof are the *Dardanian* wives,
With bleared viſages come forth to view
The iſſue of th' exploit. Go, *Hercules!*———
Live thou, I live; with much, much more diſmay
I view the fight, than thou, that mak'ſt the fray.

[*Muſick within.*

A ſong, whilſt Baſſanio *comments on the caſkets to himſelf.*

Tell me, where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head?
How begot, how nouriſhed?
Reply, reply.
It is engender'd in the eye,
With gazing fed, and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies:
Let us all ring fancy's knell.
I'll begin it.
Ding, dong, bell.
All. *Ding, dong, bell.*

Baſſ. So may the outward ſhows be leaſt themſelves:
The world is ſtill deceiv'd with ornament.
In law, what plea ſo tainted and corrupt,
But being ſeaſon'd with a gracious voice,
Obſcures the ſhow of evil? in religion,
What damned error, but ſome ſober brow
Will bleſs it, and approve it with a text,
Hiding the groſsneſs with fair ornament?
There is no vice ſo ſimple, but aſſumes
Some mark of virtue on its outward parts.
How many cowards, whoſe hearts are all as falſe
As ſtairs of ſand, wear yet upon their chins

The

The beards of *Hercules* and frowning *Mars*;
Who, inward ſearch, have livers white as milk;
And theſe aſſume but valour's excrement,
To render them redoubted. Look on beauty,
And you ſhall ſee 'tis purchas'd by the weight,
Which therein works a miracle in nature,
Making them lighteſt, that wear moſt of it:
So are thoſe criſped ſnaky golden locks,
Which make ſuch wanton gambols with the wind
Upon ſuppoſed fairneſs, often known
To be the dowry of a ſecond head,
The ſkull, that bred them, in the ſepulcher.
Thus Ornament is but the guiled ſhore
To a moſt dang'rous ſea; the beauteous ſcarf
Veiling an *Indian* beauty; in a word,
The ſeeming truth which cunning times put on
T' entrap the wiſeſt. Then, thou gaudy gold,
Hard food for *Midas*, I will none of thee:
Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge
'Tween man and man: but thou, thou meagre lead,
Which rather threatneſt, than doſt promiſe ought,
Thy plainneſs moves me more than eloquence,
And here chuſe I; joy be the conſequence!

Por. How all the other paſſions fleet to air,
As doubtful thoughts, and raſh-embrac'd deſpair,
And ſhudd'ring fear, and green-ey'd jealouſie.
O love, be moderate, allay thy extaſie;
In meaſure rein thy joy, ſcant this exceſs,
I feel too much thy bleſſing, make it leſs,
For fear I ſurfeit. [*Opening the leaden caſket.*

Baſſ. What find I here?
Fair *Portia*'s counterfeit? what Demy-god
Hath come ſo near creation? move theſe eyes?
Or whether riding on the balls of mine,
Seem they in motion? here are ſever'd lips
Parted with ſugar breath; ſo ſweet a bar
Should ſunder ſuch ſweet friends: here in her hairs
The painter plays the ſpider, and hath woven
A golden meſh t' intrap the hearts of men,
Faſter than gnats in cobwebs: but her eyes,——
How could he ſee to do them; having made one,
Methinks, it ſhould have pow'r to ſteal both his,

And

And leave it ſelf unfiniſh'd: yet how far
The ſubſtance of my praiſe doth wrong this ſhadow
In underprizing it; ſo far this ſhadow
Doth limp behind the ſubſtance. Here's the ſcrowl,
The continent and ſummary of my fortune.

You that chuſe not by the view,
Chance as fair, and chuſe as true:
Since this fortune falls to you,
Be content, and ſeek no new.
If you be well pleas'd with this,
And hold your fortune for your bliſs,
Turn you where your lady is,
And claim her with a loving kiſs.

A gentle ſcrowl; fair lady, by your leave; *Kiſſing her.*
I come by note to give, and to receive.
Like one of two contending in a prize,
That thinks he hath done well in people's eyes;
Hearing applauſe and univerſal ſhout,
Giddy in ſpirit, gazing ſtill in doubt,
Whether thoſe peals of praiſe be his or no;
So (thrice fair lady) ſtand I, even ſo,
As doubtful whether what I ſee be true,
Until confirm'd, ſign'd, ratify'd by you.

Por. You ſee me, lord *Baſſanio*, where I ſtand,
Such as I am; tho' for my ſelf alone,
I would not be ambitious in my wiſh,
To wiſh my ſelf much better; yet for you,
I would be trebled twenty times my ſelf,
A thouſand times more fair; ten thouſand times
More rich; that, to ſtand high in your account,
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
Exceed account: but the full ſum of me
Is ſum of ſomething, which, to term in groſs,
Is an unlooſen'd girl, unſchool'd, unpractis'd:
Happy in this, ſhe is not yet ſo old
But ſhe may learn; more happy then is this,
She is not bred ſo dull but ſhe can learn;
Happieſt of all; is, that her gentle ſpirit
Commits it ſelf to yours to be directed,
As from her lord, her governor, her King:
My ſelf, and what is mine, to you and yours

Is now converted. But now I was the Lord
Of this fair manſion, maſter of my ſervants,
Queen o'er my ſelf; and even now, but now,
This houſe, theſe ſervants, and this ſame my ſelf
Are yours, my Lord: I give them with this ring,
Which, when you part from, loſe or give away,
Let it preſage the ruin of your love,
And be my vantage to exclaim on you.
Baſſ. Madam, you have bereft me of all words,
Only my blood ſpeaks to you in my veins;
And there is ſuch confuſion in my pow'rs,
As, after ſome oration fairly ſpoke
By a beloved Prince, there doth appear
Among the buzzing pleaſed multitude;
Where every ſomething, being blent together,
Turns to a wild of nothing, ſave of joy
Expreſt, and not expreſt. But when this ring
Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence;
O, then be bold to ſay, *Baſſanio*'s dead.
Ner. My lord and lady, it is now our time,
That have ſtood by, and ſeen our wiſhes proſper,
To cry, good joy, my lord and lady!
Gra. My lord *Baſſanio*, and my gentle lady,
I wiſh you all the joy that you can wiſh;
For, I am ſure, you can wiſh none from me:
And when your honours mean to ſolemnize
The bargain of your faith, I do beſeech you,
Ev'n at that time I may be married too.
Baſſ. With all my heart, ſo thou can'ſt get a wife.
Gra. I thank your lordſhip, you have got me one.
My eyes, my lord, can look as ſwift as yours;
You ſaw the Miſtreſs, I beheld the maid;
You lov'd; I lov'd: For intermiſſion
No more pertains to me, my lord, than you.
Your fortune ſtood upon the caſket there;
And ſo did mine too, as the matter falls:
For wooing here until I ſweat again,
And ſwearing, till my very Roof was dry
With oaths of love; at laſt, if promiſe laſt,
I got a promiſe of this fair one here,
To have her love, provided that your fortune
Atchiev'd her miſtreſs.

Por.

Por. Is this true, *Neriſſa?*

Ner. Madam, it is, ſo you ſtand pleas'd withal.

Baſſ. And do you, *Gratiano*, mean good faith?

Gra. Yes, faith, my lord.

Baſſ. Our feaſt ſhall be much honour'd in your marriage.

Gra. We'll play with them, the firſt boy for a thouſand ducats.

Ner. What, and ſtake down?

Gra. No, we ſhall ne'er win at that ſport, and ſtake down.

But who comes here? *Lorenzo* and his infidel?
What, and my old *Venetian* friend, *Salanio?*

Enter Lorenzo, Jeſſica, *and* Salanio.

Baſſ. Lorenzo and *Salanio*, welcome hither;
If that the youth of my new intereſt here
Have power to bid you welcome. By your leave,
I bid my very friends and country-men,
(Sweet *Portia*) welcome.

Por. So do I, my lord; they are intirely welcome.

Lor. I thank your honour; for my part, my lord,
My purpoſe was not to have ſeen you here;
But meeting with *Salanio* by the way,
He did intreat me, paſt all ſaying nay,
To come with him along.

Sal. I did, my lord,
And I have reaſon for't; Signior *Anthonio*
Commends him to you. [*Gives* Baſſanio *a letter.*

Baſſ. 'Ere I ope this letter,
I pray you tell me how my good friend doth.

Sal. Not ſick, my lord, unleſs it be in mind;
Nor well, unleſs in mind; his letter there
Will ſhew you his eſtate. [Baſſanio *opens the letter.*

Gra. Neriſſa, cheer yond ſtranger: Bid her welcome.
Your hand, *Salanio*; what's the news from *Venice?*
How doth that royal merchant good *Anthonio?*
I know, he will be glad of our ſucceſs:
We are the *Jaſons*, we have won the fleece.

Sal. Would you had won the fleece, that he hath loſt!

Por.

Por. There are ſome ſhrewd contents in yon ſame paper,
That ſteals the colour from *Baſſanio*'s cheek:
Some dear friend dead; elſe nothing in the world
Could turn ſo much the conſtitution
Of any conſtant man. What, worſe and worſe!
With leave, *Baſſanio*, I am half your ſelf,
And I muſt have the half of any thing
That this ſame paper brings you.

Baſſ. O ſweet *Portia!*
Here are a few of the unpleaſant'ſt words,
That ever blotted paper. Gentle lady,
When I did firſt impart my love to you,
I freely told you, all the wealth I had
Ran in my veins, I was a gentleman;
And then I told you true; and yet, dear lady,
Rating my ſelf at nothing, you ſhall ſee
How much I was a braggart: when I told you,
My ſtate was nothing, I ſhould then have told you,
That I was worſe than nothing. For, indeed,
I have engag'd my ſelf to a dear friend,
Engag'd my friend to his mere enemy,
To feed my means. Here is a letter, lady,
The paper, as the body of my friend;
And every word in it a gaping wound,
Iſſuing life blood. But is it true, *Salanio?*
Have all his ventures fail'd? what, not one hit
From *Tripolis*, from *Mexico*, from *England*,
From *Liſbon*, *Barbary*, and *India?*
And not one veſſel 'ſcap'd the dreadful touch
Of merchant-marring rocks?

Sal. Not one, my lord.
Beſide, it ſhould appear, that if he had
The preſent money to diſcharge the *Jew*,
He would not take it. Never did I know
A creature, that did bear the ſhape of man,
So keen and greedy to confound a man.
He plies the Duke at morning and at night,
And doth impeach the freedom of the ſtate,
If they deny him juſtice. Twenty merchants,
The Duke himſelf, and the Magnificoes
Of greateſt port, have all perſuaded with him;

But

But none can drive him from the envious plea
Of forfeiture, of juſtice, and his bond.
Jeſ. When I was with him, I have heard him ſwear,
To *Tubal* and to *Chus*, his country-men,
That he would rather have *Antbonio*'s fleſh,
Than twenty times the value of the ſum
That he did owe him; and I know, my lord,
If law, authority, and pow'r deny not,
It will go hard with poor *Antbonio*.
Por. Is it your dear friend, that is thus in trouble?
Baſſ. The deareſt friend to me, the kindeſt man,
The beſt condition'd and unwearied ſpirit
In doing courteſies; and one in whom
The ancient *Roman* honour more appears,
Than any that draws breath in *Italy*.
Por. What ſum owes he the *Jew*?
Baſſ. For me three thouſand ducats.
Por. What, no more?
Pay him ſix thouſand, and deface the bond;
Double ſix thouſand, and then treble that,
Before a friend of this deſcription
Shall loſe a hair through my *Baſſanio*'s fault.
Firſt, go with me to church, and call me wife,
And then away to *Venice* to your friend:
For never ſhall you lie by *Portia*'s ſide
With an unquiet ſoul. You ſhall have gold
To pay the petty debt twenty times over.
When it is paid, bring your true friend along:
My maid *Neriſſa* and my ſelf, mean time,
Will live as maids and widows: come away!
For you ſhall hence upon your wedding day.
Bid your friends welcome, ſhew a merry cheer;
Since you are dear bought, I will love you dear.
But let me hear the letter of your friend.

Baſſ. reads. *Sweet* Baſſanio, *my ſhips have all miſcarry'd, my creditors grow cruel, my eſtate is very low, my bond to the* Jew *is forfeit; and ſince, in paying it, it is impoſſible I ſhould live, all debts are cleared between you and me, if I might but ſee you at my death; notwithſtanding, uſe your pleaſure: if your love do not perſuade you to come, let not my letter.*

Por.

Por. O love! diſpatch all buſineſs, and be gone.
Baſſ. Since I have your good leave to go away,
I will make haſte; but 'till I come again,
No bed ſhall e'er be guilty of my ſtay;
No reſt be interpoſer 'twixt us twain. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to a Street in* Venice.

Enter Shylock, Solarino, Anthonio, *and the* Goaler.

Shy. GOaler, look to him: tell not me of mercy.
This is the fool, that lent out money *gratis.*
Goaler, look to him.
Anth. Hear me yet, good *Shylock.*
Shy. I'll have my bond; ſpeak not againſt my bond:
I've ſworn an oath, that I will have my bond.
Thou call'dſt me dog, before thou hadſt a cauſe;
But ſince I am a dog, beware my fangs:
The Duke ſhall grant me juſtice. I do wonder,
Thou naughty goaler, that thou art ſo fond
To come abroad with him at his requeſt.
Anth. I pray thee, hear me ſpeak.
Shy. I'll have my bond: I will not hear thee ſpeak:
I'll have my bond; and therefore ſpeak no more:
I'll not be made a ſoft and dull-ey'd fool,
To ſhake the head, relent, and ſigh and yield
To chriſtian interceſſors. Follow not;
I'll have no ſpeaking; I will have my bond.
[*Exit* Shylock.
Sola. It is the moſt impenetrable cur,
That ever kept with men.
Anth. Let him alone,
I'll follow him no more with bootleſs pray'rs:
He ſeeks my life; his reaſon well I know;
I oft deliver'd from his forfeitures
Many, that have at times made moan to me;
Therefore he hates me.
Sola. I am ſure, the Duke
Will never grant this forfeiture to hold.
Anth. The Duke cannot deny the courſe of law;
For the commodity that ſtrangers have
With us in *Venice*, if it be deny'd,

Will

Will much impeach the juſtice of the ſtate;
Since that the trade and profit of the city
Conſiſteth of all nations. Therefore go,
Theſe griefs and loſſes have ſo bated me,
That I ſhall hardly ſpare a pound of fleſh
To morrow to my bloody creditor.
Well, goaler, on; pray God, *Baſſanio* come
To ſee me pay his debt, and then I care not! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Belmont.

Enter Portia, Neriſſa, Lorenzo, Jeſſica, *and* Balthazar.

Lor. MAdam, although I ſpeak it in your preſence,
You have a noble and a true conceit
Of god-like amity; which appears moſt ſtrongly
In bearing thus the abſence of your lord.
But if you knew to whom you ſhew this honour,
How true a gentleman you ſend relief to,
How dear a lover of my lord your huſband;
I know, you would be prouder of the work,
Than cuſtomary bounty can enforce you.

Por. I never did repent of doing good,
And ſhall not now; for in companions
That do converſe and waſte the time together,
Whoſe ſouls do bear an equal yoke of love,
There muſt be needs a like proportion
Of lineaments, of manners, and of ſpirit;
Which makes me think, that this *Anthonio*,
Being the boſom-lover of my lord,
Muſt needs be like my lord. If it be ſo,
How little is the coſt I have beſtowed,
In purchaſing the ſemblance of my ſoul
From out the ſtate of helliſh cruelty?
This comes too near the praiſing of myſelf;
Therefore, no more of it: hear other things.——
Lorenzo, I commit into your hands
The huſbandry and manage of my houſe,
Until my lord's return. For mine own part,
I have tow'rd heaven breath'd a ſecret vow,
To live in prayer and contemplation,
Only attended by *Neriſſa* here,

Until

Until her husband and my lord's return.
There is a monastery two miles off,
And there we will abide. I do desire you
Not to deny this imposition:
The which my love and some necessity
Now lays upon you.
Lor. Madam, with all my heart;
I shall obey you in all fair commands.
Por. My people do already know my mind,
And will acknowledge you and *Jessica*
In place of lord *Bassanio* and myself.
So fare you well, 'till we shall meet again.
Lor. Fair thoughts and happy hours attend on you!
Jes. I wish your ladyship all heart's content.
Por. I thank you for your wish, and am well pleas'd
To wish it back on you: fare you well, *Jessica*.
[*Exeunt* Jes. *and* Lor.
Now, *Balthazar*,
As I have ever found thee honest, true,
So let me find thee still: take this same letter,
And use thou all th' endeavour of a man,
In speed to *Padua*; see thou render this
Into my cousin's hand, Doctor *Bellario*;
And look what notes and garments he doth give thee,
Bring them, I pray thee, with imagin'd speed
Unto the Traject, to the common ferry
Which trades to *Venice*: waste no time in words,
But get thee gone; I shall be there before thee.
Bal. Madam, I go with all convenient speed. [*Exit.*
Por. Come on, *Nerissa*; I have work in hand,
That you yet know not of: we'll see our husbands
Before they think of us.
Ner. Shall they see us?
Por. They shall, *Nerissa*; but in such a habit,
That they shall think we are accomplish'd
With what we lack. I'll hold thee any wager,
When we are both apparell'd like young men,
I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,
And wear my dagger with the braver grace;
And speak between the change of man and boy,
With a reed voice; and turn two mincing steps
Into a manly stride; and speak of frays,

Like

Like a fine bragging youth; and tell quaint lies,
How honourable ladies ſought my love,
Which I denying, they fell ſick and dy'd,
I could not do with all: then I'll repent,
And wiſh, for all that, that I had not kill'd them.
And twenty of theſe puny lies I'll tell;
That men ſhall ſwear, I've diſcontinued ſchool
Above a twelve-month. I have in my mind
A thouſand raw tricks of theſe bragging jacks,
Which I will practiſe.

Ner. Shall we turn to men?

Por. Fie, what a queſtion's that,
If thou wert near a lewd interpreter!
But come, I'll tell thee all my whole device
When I am in my coach, which ſtays for us
At the park-gate; and therefore haſte away,
For we muſt meaſure twenty miles to day. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Launcelot *and* Jeſſica.

Laun. Yes, truly: for, look you, the ſins of the father are to be laid upon the children; therefore, I promiſe you, I fear you. I was always plain with you; and ſo now I ſpeak my agitation of the matter: therefore be of good cheer; for truly, I think, you are damn'd: there is but one hope in it that can do you any good, and that is but a kind of baſtard hope neither.

Jeſ. And what hope is that, I pray thee?

Laun. Marry, you may partly hope that your father got you not, that you are not the *Jew*'s daughter.

Jeſ. That were a kind of baſtard hope, indeed; ſo the ſins of my mother ſhould be viſited upon me.

Laun. Truly, then, I fear, you are damn'd both by father and mother; thus when you ſhun *Scylla*, your father, you fall into *Charybdis*, your mother: well you are gone both ways.

Jeſ. I ſhall be ſaved by my huſband; he hath made me a chriſtian.

Laun. Truly, the more to blame he; we were chriſtians enough before, e'en as many as could well live one by another: this making of chriſtians will raiſe the price of hogs; if we grow all to be pork-eaters, we ſhall not ſhortly have a raſher on the coals for money.

Enter Lorenzo.

Jeſ. I'll tell my huſband, *Launcelot*, what you ſay; here he comes.

Lor. I ſhall grow jealous of you ſhortly, *Launcelot*, if you thus get my wife into corners.

Jeſ. Nay, you need not fear us, *Lorenzo*; *Launcelot* and I are out; he tells me flatly, there is no mercy for me in heav'n, becauſe I am a *Jew*'s daughter: and he ſays, you are no good member of the common-wealth; for, in converting *Jews* to chriſtians, you raiſe the price of pork.

Lor. I ſhall anſwer that better to the common-wealth, than you can the getting up of the negro's belly: the *Moor* is with child by you, *Launcelot*.

Laun. It is much, that the *Moor* ſhould be *more* than reaſon: but if ſhe be *leſs* than an honeſt woman, ſhe is indeed *more* than I took her for.

Lor. How every fool can play upon the word! I think, the beſt grace of wit will ſhortly turn into ſilence, and diſcourſe grow commendable in none but parrots. Go in, ſirrah, bid them prepare for dinner.

Laun. That is done, Sir; they have all ſtomachs.

Lor. Good lord, what a wit-ſnapper are you! then bid them prepare dinner.

Laun. That is done too, Sir; only cover is the word.

Lor. Will you cover then, Sir?

Laun. Not ſo, Sir, neither; I know my duty.

Lor. Yet more quarrelling with occaſion! wilt thou ſhew the whole wealth of thy wit in an inſtant? I pray thee, underſtand a plain man in his plain meaning: go to thy fellows, bid them cover the table, ſerve in the meat, and we will come in to dinner.

Laun. For the table, Sir, it ſhall be ſerv'd in; for the meat, Sir, it ſhall be covered; for your coming in to dinner, Sir, why, let it be as humours and conceits ſhall govern. [*Exit* Laun.

Lor. O dear diſcretion, how his words are ſuited!
The fool hath planted in his memory
An Army of good words; and I do know
As many fools that ſtand in better place,

Garniſh'd

Garniſh'd like him, that for a trickſie word
Deſie the matter: how far'ſt thou, *Jeſſica?*
And now, good ſweet, ſay thy opinion,
How doſt thou like the lord *Baſſanio*'s wife?
Jeſ. Paſt all expreſſing: It is very meet
The lord *Baſſanio* live an upright life.
For, having ſuch a bleſſing in his lady,
He finds the joys of heaven here on earth:
And if on earth he do not merit it,
In reaſon he ſhould never come to heav'nly match.
Why, if two Gods ſhould play ſome heav'nly match,
And on the wager lay two earthly women,
And *Portia* one, there muſt be ſomething elſe
Pawn'd with the other; for the poor rude world
Hath not her fellow.
Lor. Even ſuch a huſband
Haſt thou of me, as ſhe is for a wife.
Jeſ. Nay, but aſk my opinion too of that.
Lor. I will anon: firſt, let us go to dinner.
Jeſ. Nay, let me praiſe you, while I have a ſtomach.
Lor. No, pray thee, let it ſerve for table-talk;
Then, howſoe'er thou ſpeak'ſt, 'mong others things,
I ſhall digeſt it.
Jeſ. Well, I'll ſet you forth. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE, *the Senate-houſe in* Venice.

Enter the Duke, *the Senators*; Anthonio, Baſſanio, *and* Gratiano, *at the Bar.*

DUKE.

WHAT, is *Anthonio* here?
Antb. Ready, ſo pleaſe your Grace.
Duke. I'm ſorry for thee; thou art come to anſwer
A ſtony adverſary, an inhuman wretch
Uncapable of pity, void and empty
From any dram of mercy.
Antb. I have heard,

Your Grace hath ta'en great pains to qualifie
His rig'rous courſe; but ſince he ſtands obdurate,
And that no lawful means can carry me
Out of his envy's reach, I do oppoſe
My patience to his fury; and am arm'd
To ſuffer, with a quietneſs of ſpirit,
The very tyranny and rage of his.

Duke. Go on, and call the *Jew* into the court.

Sal. He's ready at the door: he comes, my lord.

Enter Shylock.

Duke. Make room, and let him ſtand before our face.
Shylock, the world thinks, and I think ſo too,
That thou but lead'ſt this faſhion of thy malice
To the laſt hour of act; and then 'tis thought,
Thou'lt ſhew thy mercy and remorſe more ſtrange,
Than is thy ſtrange apparent cruelty.
And, where thou now exact'ſt the penalty,
Which is a pound of this poor merchant's fleſh,
Thou wilt not only loſe the forfeiture,
But, touch'd with human gentleneſs and love,
Forgive a moiety of the principal;
Glancing an eye of pity on his loſſes,
That have of late ſo huddled on his back,
Enough to preſs a royal merchant down;
And pluck commiſeration of his ſtate
From braſſy boſoms, and rough hearts of flint;
From ſtubborn *Turks* and *Tartars*, never train'd
To offices of tender courteſy.
We all expect a gentle anſwer, *Jew.*

Shy. I have poſſeſs'd your Grace of what I purpoſe.
And by our holy *Sabbath* have I ſworn,
To have the due and forfeit of my bond.
If you deny it, let the danger light
Upon your charter, and your city's freedom.
You'll aſk me, why I rather chuſe to have
A weight of carrion fleſh, than to receive
Three thouſand ducats? I'll not anſwer that,
But ſay, it is my humour, is it anſwer'd?
What if my houſe be troubled with a rat,
And I be pleas'd to give ten thouſand ducats
To have it bane'd? what, are you anſwer'd yet?

Some

Some men there are, love not a gaping pig;
Some, that are mad, if they behold a cat;
And others, when the bag-pipe ſings i' th' noſe,
Cannot contain their urine for affection.
Maſterleſs paſſion ſways it to the mood
Of what it likes, or loaths. Now for your anſwer:
As there is no firm reaſon to be render'd,
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig;
Why he, a harmleſs neceſſary cat;
Why he, a woollen bag-pipe; but of force
Muſt yield to ſuch inevitable ſhame,
As to offend, himſelf being offended;
So can I give no reaſon, nor I will not,
More than a lodg'd hate and a certain loathing
I bear *Anthonio*, that I follow thus
A loſing ſuit againſt him. Are you anſwer'd?

Baſſ. This is no anſwer, thou unfeeling man,
T' excuſe the current of thy cruelty.

Shy. I am not bound to pleaſe thee with my anſwers.

Baſſ. Do all men kill the thing they do not love?

Shy. Hates any man the thing he would not kill?

Baſſ. Ev'ry offence is not a hate at firſt.

Shy. What, would'ſt thou have a ſerpent ſting thee twice?

Anth. I pray you, think you queſtion with a *Jew*,
You may as well go ſtand upon the beach,
And bid the main flood bate his uſual height.
You may as well uſe queſtion with the wolf,
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb.
You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops, and to make no noiſe,
When they are fretted with the guſts of heav'n.
You may as well do any thing moſt hard,
As ſeek to ſoften that, (than which what's harder!)
His *Jewiſh* heart. Therefore I do beſeech you,
Make no more offers, uſe no farther means;
But with all brief and plain conveniency
Let me have judgment, and the *Jew* his will.

Baſſ. For thy three thouſand ducats here is ſix.

Shy. If ev'ry ducat in ſix thouſand ducats
Were in ſix parts, and ev'ry part a ducat,
I would not draw them, I would have my bond.

Duke. How ſhalt thou hope for mercy, rend'ring none?

Shy. What judgment ſhall I dread, doing no wrong?
You have among you many a purchas'd ſlave,
Which, like your aſſes, and your dogs, and mules,
You uſe in abject and in ſlaviſh part,
Becauſe you bought them. Shall I ſay to you,
Let them be free, marry them to your heirs?
Why ſweat them under burdens? let their beds
Be made as ſoft as yours, and let their palaces
Be ſeaſon'd with ſuch viands: you will anſwer,
The ſlaves are ours. So do I anſwer you:
The pound of fleſh, which I demand of him,
Is dearly bought, 'tis mine, and I will have it.
If you deny me, fie, upon your law!
There is no force in the decrees of *Venice:*
I ſtand for judgment; anſwer; ſhall I have it?

Duke. Upon my pow'r I may diſmiſs this court,
Unleſs *Bellario*, a learned Doctor,
Whom I have ſent for to determine this,
Come here to day.

Sal. My lord, here ſtays without,
A meſſenger with letters from the Doctor,
New come from *Padua.*

Duke. Bring us the letters, call the meſſenger.

Baſſ. Good cheer, *Anthonio*; what, man, courage yet:
The *Jew* ſhall have my fleſh, blood, bones, and all,
Ere thou ſhalt loſe for me one drop of blood.

Anth. I am a tainted weather of the flock,
Meeteſt for death: the weakeſt kind of fruit
Drops earlieſt to the ground, and ſo let me.
You cannot better be employ'd, *Baſſanio*,
Than to live ſtill, and write mine epitaph.

Enter Neriſſa, *dreſs'd like a Lawyer's Clerk.*

Duke. Came you from *Padua*, from *Bellario?*

Ner. From both, my Lord: *Bellario* greets your Grace.

Baſſ. Why doſt thou whet thy knife ſo earneſtly?

Shy. To cut the forfeit from that bankrupt there.

Gra. Not on thy ſoale, but on thy ſoul, harſh *Jew*,
Thou mak'ſt thy knife keen; for no metal can,

No'

No, not the hangman's ax, bear half the keenneſs
Of thy ſharp envy. Can no prayers pierce thee?
Shy. No, none that thou haſt wit enough to make.
Gra. O be thou damn'd, inexorable dog,
And for thy life let juſtice be accus'd!
Thou almoſt mak'ſt me waver in my faith,
To hold opinion with *Pythagoras*,
That ſouls of animals infuſe themſelves
Into the trunks of men. Thy curriſh ſpirit
Govern'd a wolf, who, hang'd for human ſlaughter,
Ev'n from the gallows, did his fell ſoul fleet,
And, whil'ſt thou lay'ſt in thy unhallow'd dam,
Infus'd it ſelf in thee: for thy deſires
Are wolfiſh, bloody, ſtarv'd, and ravenous.
Shy. 'Till thou can'ſt rail the ſeal from off my bond,
Thou but offend'ſt thy lungs to ſpeak ſo loud.
Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall
To cureleſs ruin. I ſtand here for law.
Duke. This letter from *Bellario* doth commend
A young and learned doctor to our Court.
Where is he?
Ner. He attendeth here hard by
To know your anſwer, whether you'll admit him.
Duke. With all my heart. Some three or four of you
Go, give him courteous conduct to this place:
Mean time, the Court ſhall hear *Bellario*'s letter.

YOUR Grace ſhall underſtand, that, at the receipt of your letter, I am very ſick: but at the inſtant that your meſſenger came, in loving viſitation was with me a young Doctor of Rome, *his name is* Balthaſar: *I acquainted him with the cauſe in controverſy between the* Jew *and* Anthonio *the merchant. We turn'd o'er many books together: he is furniſhed with my opinion, which, bettered with his own learning, (the greatneſs whereof I cannot enough commend,) comes with him at my importunity, to fill up your Graces requeſt in my ſtead. I beſeech you, let his lack of years be no impediment to let him lack a reverend eſtimation. For I never knew ſo young a body with ſo old a head. I leave him to your gracious acceptance, whoſe trial ſhall better publiſh his commendation.*

Enter Portia, *dreſs'd like a doctor of Laws.*

Duke. You hear the learn'd *Bellario*, what he writes.
And here, I take it, is the doctor come:
Give me your hand. Came you from old *Bellario?*
Por. I did, my lord.
Duke. You're welcome: take your place,
Are you acquainted with the difference,
That holds this preſent queſtion in the Court?
Por. I am informed thoroughly of the caſe.
Which is the merchant here? and which the *Jew?*
Duke. *Anthonio* and old *Shylock*, both ſtand forth.
Por. Is your name *Shylock?*
Shy. *Shylock* is my name.
Por. Of a ſtrange nature, is the ſuit you follow;
Yet in ſuch rule, that the *Venetian* law
Cannot impugn you, as you do proceed.
You ſtand within his danger, do you not? [*To* Anth.
Anth. Ay, ſo he ſays.
Por. Do you confeſs the bond?
Anth. I do.
Por. Then muſt the *Jew* be merciful.
Shy. On what compulſion muſt I? tell me that.
Por. The quality of mercy is not ſtrain'd;
It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heav'n
Upon the place beneath. It is twice bleſs'd;
It bleſſeth him that gives, and him that takes.
'Tis mightieſt in the mightieſt; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown:
His ſcepter ſhews the force of temporal pow'r,
The attribute to awe and majeſty,
Wherein doth ſit the dread and fear of Kings;
But mercy is above this ſcepter'd ſway,
It is enthroned in the hearts of Kings;
It is an attribute to God himſelf;
And earthly power doth then ſhew likeſt God's
When mercy ſeaſons juſtice. Therefore, *Jew*,
Tho' juſtice be thy plea, conſider this,
That in the courſe of juſtice none of us
Should ſee ſalvation. We do pray for mercy:
And that ſame pray'r doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. I have ſpoke thus much

To

To mitigate the juſtice of thy plea;
Which, if thou follow, this ſtrict court of *Venice*
Muſt needs give ſentence 'gainſt the merchant there.
Shy. My deeds upon my head! I crave the law,
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.
Por. Is he not able to diſcharge the money?
Baſſ. Yes, here I tender it for him in the Court,
Yea, twice the ſum; if that will not ſuffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart.
If this will not ſuffice, it muſt appear
That malice bears down truth. And I beſeech you,
Wreſt once the law to your authority.
To do a great right, do a little wrong;
And curb this cruel devil of his will.
Por. It muſt not be, there is no pow'r in *Venice*
Can alter a decree eſtabliſhed.
'Twill be recorded for a precedent;
And many an error by the ſame example,
Will ruſh into the ſtate. It cannot be.
Shy. A *Daniel* come to judgment! yea, a *Daniel*.
O wiſe young judge, how do I honour thee!
Por. I pray you, let me look upon the bond.
Shy. Here 'tis, moſt rev'rend doctor, here it is.
Por. *Shylock*, there's thrice thy money offer'd thee.
Shy. An oath, an oath,——I have an oath in heav'n.
Shall I lay perjury upon my ſoul?
No, not for *Venice*.
Por. Why, this bond is forfeit,
And lawfully by this the *Jew* may claim
A pound of fleſh, to be by him cut off
Neareſt the merchant's heart. Be merciful,
Take thrice thy money, bid me tear the bond.
Shy. When it is paid according to the tenour.
It doth appear, you are a worthy judge;
You know the law: your expoſition
Hath been moſt ſound. I charge you by the law,
Whereof you are a well-deſerving pillar,
Proceed to judgment. By my ſoul I ſwear,
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me. I ſtay here on my bond.

Anth.

Anth. Moſt heartily I do beſeech the Court
To give the judgment.
Por. Why, then thus it is:
You muſt prepare your boſom for his knife.
Shy. O noble judge! O excellent young man!
Por. For the intent and purpoſe of the law
Hath full relation to the penalty,
Which here appeareth due upon the bond.
Shy. 'Tis very true. O wiſe and upright judge,
How much more elder art thou than thy looks!
Por. Therefore lay bare your boſom.
Shy. Ay, his breaſt:
So ſays the bond, doth it not, noble judge?
Neareſt his heart, thoſe are the very words.
Por. Is it ſo. Are there ſcales to weigh the fleſh?
Shy. I have them ready.
Por. Have by ſome ſurgeon, *Shylock*, on your charge,
To ſtop his wounds, leſt he ſhould bleed to death.
Shy. Is it ſo nominated in the bond?
Por. It is not ſo expreſs'd; but what of that?
'Twere good, you do ſo much for charity.
Shy. I cannot find it; 'tis not in the bond.
Por. Come, merchant, have you any thing to ſay?
Anth. But little: I am arm'd, and well prepar'd.
Give me your hand, *Baſſanio*, fare you well!
Grieve not, that I am fallen to this for you:
For herein fortune ſhews herſelf more kind,
Than is her cuſtom. It is ſtill her uſe,
To let the wretched man out-live his wealth,
To view with hollow eye, and wrinkled brow,
An age of poverty: From which ling'ring penance
Of ſuch a miſery doth ſhe cut me off.
Commend me to your honourable wife;
Tell her the proceſs of *Anthonio*'s end;
Say, how I lov'd you; ſpeak me fair in death:
And when the tale is told, bid her be judge,
Whether *Baſſanio* had not once a love.
Repent not you, that you ſhall loſe your friend;
And he repents not, that he pays your debt;
For if the *Jew* do but cut deep enough,
I'll pay it inſtantly with all my heart.

Baſſ.

Baſſ. Anthonio, I am married to a wife
Which is as dear to me as life it ſelf;
But life it ſelf, my wife, and all the world,
Are not with me eſteem'd above thy life.
I would loſe all; ay, ſacrifice them all
Here to this devil, to deliver you.

Por. Your wife would give you little thanks for that,
If ſhe were by to hear you make the offer.

Gra. I have a wife, whom, I proteſt, I love;
I would, ſhe were in heaven, ſo ſhe could
Intreat ſome pow'r to change this curriſh *Jew*.

Ner. 'Tis well, you offer it behind her back;
The wiſh would make elſe an unquiet houſe.

Shy. Theſe be the chriſtian huſbands. I've a daughter:
Would any of the ſtock of *Barrabas*
Had been her huſband, rather than a chriſtian! [*Aſide.*
We triſle time: I pray thee, purſue ſentence.

Por. A pound of that ſame merchant's fleſh is thine,
The Court awards it, and the law doth give it.

Shy. Moſt rightful judge!

Por. And you muſt cut this fleſh from off his breaſt;
The law allows it, and the Court awards it.

Shy. Moſt learned judge! a ſentence: come, prepare.

Por. Tarry a little, there is ſomething elſe.
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood,
The words expreſly are, a pound of fleſh.
Then take thy bond, take thou thy pound of fleſh;
But in the cutting it, if thou doſt ſhed
One drop of chriſtian blood; thy lands and goods
Are, by the laws of *Venice*, confiſcate
Unto the ſtate of *Venice*.

Gra. O upright judge! mark, *Jew*, O learned judge!

Shy. Is that the law?

Por. Thy ſelf ſhall ſee the Act:
For as thou urgeſt juſtice, be aſſur'd
Thou ſhalt have juſtice, more than thou deſir'ſt.

Gra. O learned judge! mark, *Jew*, a learned judge!

Shy. I take this offer then, pay the bond thrice,
And let the chriſtian go.

Baſſ. Here is the money.

Por. The *Jew* ſhall have all juſtice; ſoft! no haſte;
He ſhall have nothing but the penalty.

Baſſ.

Gra.

Gra. O *Jew!* an upright judge, a learned judge.

Por. Therefore prepare thee to cut off the flesh;
Shed thou no blood, nor cut thou less, nor more,
But just a pound of flesh; if thou tak'st more
Or less than a just pound, be't but so much
As makes it light or heavy in the substance,
On the division of the twentieth part
Of one poor scruple; nay, if the scale turn
But in the estimation of a hair,
Thou dieſt, and all thy goods are confiscate.

Gra. A second *Daniel*, a *Daniel*, *Jew!*
Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip.

Por. Why doth the *Jew* pause? take the forfeiture.

Shy. Give me my principal, and let me go.

Bass. I have it ready for thee; here it is.

Por. He hath refus'd it in the open Court;
He shall have merely justice, and his bond.

Gra. A *Daniel*, still say I; a second *Daniel!*
I thank thee, *Jew*, for teaching me that word.

Shy. Shall I not barely have my principal?

Por. Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,
To be so taken at thy peril, *Jew.*

Shy. Why then the devil give him good of it!
I'll stay no longer question.

Por. Tarry, *Jew.*
The law hath yet another hold on you:
It is enacted in the laws of *Venice*,
If it be prov'd against an alien,
That by direct, or indirect, attempts,
He seek the life of any citizen,
The party, 'gainst the which he doth contrive,
Shall seize on half his goods; the other half
Comes to the privy coffer of the state;
And the offender's life lies in the mercy
Of the Duke only, 'gainst all other voice:
In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st.
For it appears by manifest proceeding,
That indirectly, and directly too,
Thou hast contriv'd against the very life
Of the defendant; and thou hast incurr'd
The danger formerly by me rehears'd.
Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the Duke.

Gra.

Gra. Beg, that thou may'ſt have leave to hang thy ſelf;
And yet, thy wealth being forfeited to the ſtate,
Thou haſt not left the value of a cord;
Therefore, thou muſt be hang'd at the ſtate's charge.

Duke. That thou may'ſt ſee the difference of our ſpirit,
I pardon thee thy life before thou aſk it;
For half thy wealth, it is *Anthonio*'s;
The other half comes to the general ſtate,
Which humbleneſs may drive unto a fine.

Por. Ay, for the ſtate; not for *Anthonio*.

Shy. Nay, take my life and all: pardon not that;
You take my houſe, when you do take the prop
That doth ſuſtain my houſe: you take my life,
When you do take the means whereby I live.

Por. What mercy can you render him, *Anthonio*?

Gra. A halter *gratis*; nothing elſe, for God's ſake.

Anth. So pleaſe my lord the Duke, and all the Court,
To quit the fine for one half of his goods,
I am content; ſo he will let me have
The other half in uſe, to render it
Upon his death unto the gentleman,
That lately ſtole his daughter.
Two things provided more, that for this favour
He preſently become a chriſtian;
The other, that he do record a Gift
Here in the Court, of all he dies poſſeſs'd,
Unto his ſon *Lorenzo* and his daughter.

Duke. He ſhall do this, or elſe I do recant
The pardon that I late pronounced here.

Por. Art thou contented, *Jew*? what doſt thou ſay?

Shy. I am content.

Por. Clerk, draw a deed of gift.

Shy. I pray you, give me leave to go from hence;
I am not well; ſend the deed after me,
And I will ſign it.

Duke. Get thee gone, but do it.

Gra. In chriſt'ning thou ſhalt have two godfathers.
Had I been judge, thou ſhould'ſt have had ten more,
To bring thee to the gallows, not the font.

[*Exit* Shylock.

Duke.

Duke. Sir, I intreat you home with me to dinner.
Por. I humbly do desire your Grace of pardon.
I must away this night to *Padua*,
And it is meet, I presently set forth.
Duke. I'm sorry, that your leisure serves you not.
Anthonio, gratify this gentleman;
For, in my mind, you are much bound to him.
[*Exit* Duke *and his train.*
Bass. Most worthy gentleman! I and my friend
Have by your wisdom been this day acquitted
Of grievous penalties; in lieu whereof,
Three thousand ducats, due unto the *Jew*,
We freely cope your courteous pains withal.
Anth. And stand indebted, over and above,
In love and service to you evermore.
Por. He is well paid, that is well satisfy'd;
And I delivering you, am satisfy'd,
And therein do account my self well paid;
My mind was never yet more mercenary.
I pray you, know me, when we meet again:
I wish you well, and so I take my leave.
Bass. Dear Sir, of force I must attempt you further.
Take some remembrance of us, for a tribute,
Not as a fee: grant me two things, I pray you,
Not to deny me, and to pardon me.
Por. You press me far, and therefore I will yield.
Give me your gloves, I'll wear them for your sake,
And, for your love, I'll take this ring from you.
Do not draw back your hand, I'll take no more;
And you in love shall not deny me this.
Bass. This ring, good Sir, alas, it is a trifle;
I will not shame my self to give you this.
Por. I will have nothing else but only this,
And now, methinks, I have a mind to it.
Bass. There's more depends on this, than is the value.
The dearest ring in *Venice* will I give you,
And find it out by proclamation;
Only for this, I pray you, pardon me.
Por. I see, Sir, you are liberal in offers;
You taught me first to beg, and now, methinks,
You teach me how a beggar should be answer'd.

Bass.

Baſſ. Good Sir, this ring was given me by my wife;
And, when ſhe put it on, ſhe made me vow,
That I ſhould neither ſell, nor give, nor loſe it.

Por. That 'ſcuſe ſerves many men to ſave their gifts;
And if your wife be not a mad woman,
And know how well I have deſerv'd the ring,
She wou'd not hold out enmity for ever,
For giving it to me. Well, peace be with you!
[*Exit with* Neriſſa.

Anth. My lord *Baſſanio*, let him have the ring.
Let his deſervings, and my love withal,
Be valu'd 'gainſt your wife's commandment.

Baſſ. Go, *Gratiano*, run and overtake him,
Give him the ring; and bring him, if thou can'ſt,
Unto *Anthonio*'s houſe, away, make haſte. *Exit* Gra.
Come, you and I will thither preſently;
And in the morning early will we both
Fly toward *Belmont*; come, *Anthonio*. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Portia *and* Neriſſa.

Por. Enquire the *Jew*'s houſe out, give him this Deed,
And let him ſign it; we'll away to-night,
And be a day before our huſbands home:
This Deed will be well welcome to *Lorenzo*.

Enter Gratiano.

Gra. Fair Sir, you are well o'erta'en:
My lord *Baſſanio*, upon more advice,
Hath ſent you here this ring, and doth intreat
Your company at dinner.

Por. That cannot be.
This ring I do accept moſt thankfully,
And ſo, I pray you, tell him; furthermore,
I pray you, ſhew my Youth old *Shylock*'s houſe.

Gra. That will I do.

Ner. Sir, I would ſpeak with you.
I'll ſee if I can get my huſband's ring: [*To* Por.
Which I did make him ſwear to keep for ever.

Por. Thou may'ſt, I warrant. We ſhall have old ſwearing,
That they did give the rings away to men;
But we'll out-face them, and out-ſwear them too:
Away,

Away, make haſte, thou know'ſt where I will tarry.

Ner. Come, good Sir, will you ſhew me to this houſe!

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE, Belmont. *A Grove, or Green-place before* Portia's *Houſe.*

Enter Lorenzo, *and* Jeſſica.

LORENZO.

THE moon ſhines bright: In ſuch a night as this,
When the ſweet wind did gently kiſs the trees,
And they did make no noiſe; in ſuch a night,
Troylus, methinks, mounted the *Trojan* wall;
And ſigh'd his ſoul toward the *Grecian* tents,
Where *Creſſid* lay that night.

Jeſ. In ſuch a night,
Did *Thisbe* fearfully o'er trip the dew;
And ſaw the lion's ſhadow 'ere himſelf,
And ran diſmayed away.

Lor. In ſuch a night,
Stood *Dido* with a willow in her hand
Upon the wild ſea-banks, and wav'd her love
To come again to *Carthage*.

Jeſ. In ſuch a night,
Medea gather'd the enchanted herbs,
That did renew old *Æſon*.

Lor. In ſuch a night,
Did *Jeſſica* ſteal from the wealthy *Jew*,
And with an unthrift love did run from *Venice*
As far as *Belmont*.

Jeſ. And in ſuch a night,
Did young *Lorenzo* ſwear, he lov'd her well;
Stealing her ſoul with many vows of faith,
And ne'er a true one.

Lor. And in ſuch a night,
Did pretty *Jeſſica*, (like a little ſhrew)
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.

Jeſ.

Jeſ. I would outnight you, did no body come:
But hark, I hear the footing of a man.

Enter Stephano.

Lor. Who comes ſo faſt, in ſilence of the night?
Meſ. A friend.
Lor. What friend? your name, I pray you, friend?
Meſ. *Stephano* is my name, and I bring word,
My miſtreſs will before the break of day
Be here at *Belmont:* ſhe doth ſtray about
By holy Croſſes, where ſhe kneels, and prays,
For happy wedlock hours.
Lor. Who comes with her?
Meſ. None, but a holy hermit, and her maid.
I pray you, is my maſter yet return'd?
Lor. He is not, nor have we yet heard from him;
But go we in, I pray thee, *Jeſſica*,
And ceremoniouſly let us prepare
Some welcome for the miſtreſs of the houſe.

Enter Launcelot.

Laun. Sola, ſola; wo ha, ho, ſola, ſola!
Lor. Who calls?
Laun. Sola! did you ſee maſter *Lorenzo* and miſtreſs *Lorenzo?* ſola, ſola!
Lor. Leave hollowing, man: here.
Laun. Sola! where? where?
Lor. Here.
Laun. Tell him, there's a poſt come from my maſter, with his horn full of good news. My maſter will be here 'ere morning.
Lor. Sweet love, let's in, and there expect their coming.
And yet no matter: why ſhould we go in?
My friend *Stephano*, ſignify, I pray you,
Within the houſe, your miſtreſs is at hand:
[*Exit* Stephano.
And bring your muſick forth into the air.
How ſweet the moon-light ſleeps upon this bank!
Here will we ſit, and let the ſounds of muſick
Creep in our ears; ſoft ſtillneſs, and the night
Become the touches of ſweet harmony.
Sit, *Jeſſica:* look how the floor of heav'n

Is thick inlay'd with patterns of bright gold;
There's not the ſmalleſt orb, which thou behold'ſt,
But in his motion like an angel ſings,
Still quiring to the young-ey'd cherubims;
Such harmony is in immortal ſounds!
But whilſt this muddy veſture of decay
Doth groſly cloſe us in, we cannot hear it.
Come, ho, and wake *Diana* with a hymn;
With ſweeteſt touches pierce your miſtreſs' ear,
And draw her home with muſick.

Jeſ. I'm never merry, when I hear ſweet muſick.

[*Muſick.*

Lor. The reaſon is, your ſpirits are attentive;
For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,
(Which is the hot condition of their blood)
If they perchance but hear a trumpet ſound,
Or any air of muſick touch their ears,
You ſhall perceive them make a mutual ſtand;
Their ſavage eyes turn'd to a modeſt gaze,
By the ſweet power of muſick. Therefore, the Poet
Did feign that *Orpheus* drew trees, ſtones, and floods;
Since nought ſo ſtockiſh, hard and full of rage,
But muſick for the time doth change his nature.
The man that hath no muſick in himſelf,
Nor is not mov'd with concord of ſweet ſounds,
Is fit for treaſons, ſtratagems, and ſpoils;
The motions of his ſpirit are as dull as night,
And his affections dark as *Erebus:*
Let no ſuch man be truſted———Mark the muſick.

Enter Portia *and* Neriſſa.

Por. That light we ſee, is burning in my hall:
How far that little candle throws his beams!
So ſhines a good deed in a naughty world.

Ner. When the moon ſhone, we did not ſee the candle.

Por. So doth the greater glory dim the leſs;
A ſubſtitute ſhines brightly as a King,
Until a king be by; and then his ſtate
Empties it ſelf as doth an inland brook
Into the main of waters. Muſick, hark! [*Muſick.*

Ner.

Ner. It is the muſick, madam, of your houſe.
Por. Nothing is good, I ſee, without reſpect:
Methinks, it ſounds much ſweeter than by day.
Ner. Silence beſtows the virtue on it, madam.
Por. The crow doth ſing as ſweetly as the lark
When neither is attended; and, I think,
The nightingale, if ſhe ſhould ſing by day,
When every gooſe is cackling, would be thought
No better a muſician than the wren.
How many things by ſeaſon ſeaſon'd are
To their right praiſe, and true perfection?
Peace! how the moon ſleeps with *Endimion*,
And would not be awaked! [*Muſick ceaſes.*
Lor. That is the voice,
Or I am much deceiv'd, of *Portia*.
Por. He knows me as the blind man knows the cuckow,
By the bad voice.
Lor. Dear lady, welcome home.
Por. We have been praying for our huſbands healths,
Which ſpeed, we hope, the better for our words.
Are they return'd?
Lor. Madam, they are not yet;
But there is come a meſſenger before,
To ſignify their coming.
Por. Go, *Neriſſa*.
Give order to my ſervants, that they take
No note at all of our being abſent hence;
Nor you, *Lorenzo*; *Jeſſica*, nor you. [*A Tucket ſounds.*
Lor. Your huſband is at hand, I hear his trumpet:
We are no tell-tales, madam, fear you not.
Por. This night, methinks, is but the day-light ſick;
It looks a little paler; 'tis a day,
Such as the day is when the ſun is hid.

Enter Baſſanio, Anthonio, Gratiano, *and their followers.*

Baſſ. We ſhould hold day with the *Antipodes*,
If you would walk in abſence of the ſun.
Por. Let me give light, but let me not be light;
For a light wife doth make a heavy huſband;
And never be *Baſſanio* ſo from me;
But God ſort all: you're welcome home, my lord.

Baſſ.

Baſſ. I thank you, madam: give welcome, to my friend;
This is the man, this is *Anthonio*,
To whom I am ſo infinitely bound.

Por. You ſhould in all ſenſe be much bound to him;
For, as I hear, he was much bound for you.

Anth. No more than I am well acquitted of.

Por. Sir, you are very welcome to our houſe;
It muſt appear in other ways than words;
Therefore I ſcant this breathing courteſy.

Gra. By yonder moon, I ſwear, you do me wrong;
In faith, I gave it to the judge's clerk. [*To* Neriſſa.
Would he were gelt that had it, for my part,
Since you do take it, love, ſo much at heart.

Por. A quarrel, ho, already! what's the matter?

Gra. About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring,
That ſhe did give me, whoſe poeſy was
For all the world like cutler's poetry
Upon a kniſe; *Love me, and leave me not.*

Ner. What talk you of the poeſy, or the value?
You ſwore to me, when I did give it you,
That you would wear it 'till your hour of death,
And that it ſhould lye with you in your grave:
Tho' not for me, yet for your vehement oaths,
You ſhould have been reſpective, and have kept it.
Gave it a judge's clerk! but well I know,
The clerk will ne'er wear hair on's face, that had it.

Gra. He will, an if he live to be a man.

Ner. Ay, if a woman live to be a man.

Gra. Now, by this hand, I gave it to a youth,
A kind of boy, a little ſcrubbed boy,
No higher than thy ſelf, the Judge's clerk,
A prating boy, that begg'd it as fee:
I could not for my heart deny it him.

Por. You were to blame, I muſt be plain with you,
To part ſo ſlightly with your wife's firſt gift;
A thing ſtuck on with oaths upon your finger,
And riveted with faith unto your fleſh.
I gave my love a ring, and made him ſwear
Never to part with it; and here he ſtands,
I dare be ſworn for him, he would not leave it,
Nor pluck it from his finger, for the wealth
That the world maſters. Now, in faith, *Gratiano*,

You

You give your wife too unkind a cauſe of grief;
An 'twere to me, I ſhould be mad at it.
Baſſ. Why, I were beſt to cut my left hand off,
And ſwear, I loſt the ring defending it. [*Aſide.*
Gra. My lord *Baſſanio* gave his ring away
Unto the Judge that begg'd it, and, indeed,
Deſerv'd it too; and then the boy, his clerk,
That took ſome pains in writing, he begg'd mine;
And neither man nor maſter, would take ought
But the two rings.
Por. What ring gave you my lord?
Not that, I hope, which you receiv'd of me.
Baſſ. If I could add a lie unto a fault,
I would deny it; but you ſee my finger
Hath not the ring upon it, it is gone.
Por. Even ſo void is your falſe heart of truth.
By heaven, I will ne'er come in your bed
Until I ſee the ring.
Ner. Nor I in yours,
'Till I again ſee mine.
Baſſ. Sweet *Portia*
If you did know to whom I gave the ring,
If you did know for whom I gave the ring,
And would conceive for what I gave the ring,
And how unwillingly I left the ring,
When nought would be accepted but the ring,
You would abate the ſtrength of your diſpleaſure.
Por. If you had known the virtue of the ring,
Or half her worthineſs that gave the ring,
Or your own honour to retain the ring,
You would not then have parted with the ring.
What man is there ſo much unreaſonable,
If you had pleas'd to have defended it
With any terms of zeal, wanted the modeſty
To urge the thing held as a ceremony?
Neriſſa teaches me what to believe;
I'll die for't, but ſome woman had the ring.
Baſſ. No, by mine honour, madam, by my ſoul,
No woman had it, but a civil doctor,
Who did refuſe three thouſand ducats of me,
And begg'd the ring; the which I did deny him,
And ſuffer'd him to go diſpleas'd away;

Ev'n

Ev'n he, that did uphold the very life
Of my dear friend. What ſhould I ſay, ſweet lady?
I was enforc'd to ſend it after him;
I was beſet with ſhame and courteſy;
My honour would not let ingratitude
So much beſmear it. Pardon me, good lady,
And by theſe bleſſed candles of the night,
Had you been there, I think, you would have begg'd
The ring of me, to give the worthy Doctor.

Por. Let not that Doctor e'er come near my houſe,
Since he hath got the jewel that I lov'd,
And that which you did ſwear to keep for me;
I will become as liberal as you;
I'll not deny him any think I have,
No, not my body, nor my huſband's bed;
Know him I ſhall, I am well ſure of it.
Lye not a night from home; watch me like *Argus*:
If you do not, if I be left alone,
Now, by mine honour, which is yet mine own,
I'll have that Doctor for my bedfellow.

Ner. And I his clerk; therefore be well adviſ'd,
How you do leave me to mine own protection.

Gra. Well, do you ſo; let me not take him then;
For if I do, I'll mar the young clerk's pen.

Antb. I am th' unhappy ſubject of theſe quarrels.

Por. Sir, grieve not you; you are welcome, notwithſtanding.

Baſſ. *Portia*, forgive me this enforced wrong.
And in the hearing of theſe many friends,
I ſwear to thee, ev'n by thine own fair eyes,
Wherein I ſee my ſelf———

Por. Mark you but that!
In both mine eyes he doubly ſees himſelf;
In each eye, one; ſwear by your double ſelf,
And there's an oath of credit!

Baſſ. Nay, but hear me:
Pardon this fault, and by my ſoul I ſwear,
I never more will break an oath with thee.

Antb. I once did lend my body for his weal;
Which but for him, that had your huſband's ring,
[*To* Portia.
Had quite miſcarry'd. I dare be bound again,

My

My ſoul upon the forfeit, that your lord
Will never more break faith adviſedly.
Por. Then you ſhall be his ſurety; give him this,
And bid him keep it better than the other.
Anth. Here, lord *Baſſanio*, ſwear to keep this ring.
Baſſ. By heav'n it is the ſame I gave the Doctor.
Por. I had it of him: pardon me, *Baſſanio*;
For by this ring the Doctor lay with me.
Ner. And pardon me, my gentle *Gratiano*,
For that ſame ſcrubbed boy, the Doctor's clerk,
In lieu of this, laſt night did lye with me.
Gra. Why, this is like the mending of high-ways
In ſummer, where the ways are fair enough:
What! are we cuckolds, e'er we have deſerv'd it?
Por. Speak not ſo groſly; you are all amaz'd;
Here is a letter, read it at your leiſure;
It comes from *Padua* from *Bellario:*
There you ſhall find, that *Portia* was the Doctor;
Neriſſa there, her clerk. *Lorenzo*, here,
Shall witneſs I ſet forth as ſoon as you,
And even but now return'd: I have not yet
Enter'd my houſe. *Anthonio*, you are welcome;
And I have better news in ſtore for you,
Than you expect; unſeal this letter ſoon,
There you ſhall find, three of your Argoſies
Are richly come to harbour ſuddenly.
You ſhall not know by what ſtrange accident
I chanced on this letter.
Anth. I am dumb.
Baſſ. Were you the Doctor, and I knew you not?
Gra. Were you the clerk, that is to make me cuckold?
Ner. Ay, but the clerk, that never means to do it,
Unleſs he live until he be a man.
Baſſ. Sweet Doctor, you ſhall be my bedfellow;
When I am abſent, then lye with my wife.
Anth. Sweet lady, you have giv'n me life and living;
For here I read for certain, that my ſhips
Are ſafely come to road.
Por. How now, *Lorenzo?*
My clerk hath ſome good comforts too for you.
Ner. Ay, and I'll give them him without a fee.
There do I give to you and *Jeſſica*,

From

From the rich *Jew*, a ſpecial Deed of Gift,
After his death, of all he dies poſſeſs'd of.

Lor. Fair ladies, you drop *Manna* in the way
Of ſtarved people.

Por. It is almoſt morning,
And yet, I'm ſure, you are not ſatisfy'd
Of theſe events at full. Let us go in,
And charge us there upon interr'gatories,
And we will anſwer all things faithfully.

Gra. Let it be ſo; the firſt interr'gatory,
That my *Neriſſa* ſhall be ſworn on, is,
Whether 'till the next night ſhe had rather ſtay,
Or go to bed now, being two hours to day,
But were the day come, I ſhould wiſh it dark,
'Till I were couching with the Doctor's clerk.
Well, while I live, I'll fear no other thing
So ſore, as keeping ſafe *Neriſſa*'s ring.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

F I N I S.

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